

TELEGRAPH LINES IN NATION'S HANDS IF NEED REQUIRES

Senate Also Gives President
Power Over 'Phone and
Radio Services

NEW NATIONAL VIEWPOINT

People Willing to Study Sweeping
Changes and Adopt Them
If Necessary

CONGRESS ACTS WITH WISDOM

Almost Continuous Session Since War
Results in Accomplishment of Vast
Amount of Business

By J. W. MULLER,
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS
AND STRIPES.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
AMERICA, July 18.—The Senate, by a vote of 46 to 16, has passed the joint resolution giving the President authority to take over the country's telegraph, radio, telephone and cable systems for the duration of the war, whenever he may deem it necessary. The Democratic Senators all voted for the resolution. Many prophecies had been made during the week, especially through the highly conservative section of the press, that a long contest was to be expected, but as a matter of fact the result was a foregone conclusion. There is little doubt but that the mass of public opinion here favored the step, regardless of the cleavage of thought as to the merits of Government control or ownership.

The Western Union's attitude towards the suggestions of the War Labor Board apparently did much to incline public opinion toward Government control, because the board's suggestions seemed eminently fair and sensible. The company's unwillingness to comply made an unpleasant impression, especially as this was the first very important case to come before the new board.

Some Fear Public Ownership
The debate in the Senate was based mainly on the fear of continuing Government control after the war, possibly leading to national ownership. Opposing senators declared that neither the railroads nor the wire systems would ever return to private ownership, but these arguments failed to start a general debate on the merits or demerits of government ownership.

Several amendments were offered to provide against ownership, but all were voted down. Advocates of the resolution declared that the President does not intend to exercise censorship powers.

The ease with which this most important measure was passed illustrates again the rapidly growing new orientation in social and industrial lines. It seems surely safe to say that America has definitely and irrevocably turned its back on past methods and systems, and has its face set towards a new socialization which, however, is at least as far removed from Socialism as from the old political and economic system of the country.

Instead of an economic revolution, on which Socialism is predicted, we are engaged in a vast, slowly but steadily proceeding revolution, with the successive steps based on what is practical instead of theoretical.

Like a Great Laboratory

America may be likened just now to a great laboratory in which new principles are being tested and tried out to prepare for the new day. The scope of it is too huge for ordinary observers to grasp, and the daily press is so overburdened recording news events that it cannot pause to give the public a large picture. Still, there is a vague sense throughout the whole nation that America is shaping for a new and extraordinary future, with many old evil things to go or already gone, many good things already accomplished, and many new and wonderful things still to come. The great change that has already come over the national consciousness is that people have lost almost all hesitation about accepting new sweeping propositions. Staid patriotism at present does not seem to command a corporal's guard. People are ready to study anything and try it if necessary, so long as the principles of our Government are kept sacredly intact.

The great point in this readiness for changes is that the nation wants them to come in conformance with our system of Government, and not by changes of that system.

Fierce Test Withstood

It has been made abundantly clear in past months that Americans are well satisfied with the manner in which our political principle has withstood the fierce test of international war and politics. One striking proof of the political principle is the fact that though Congress has been in almost continuous session since the war began, we have managed to conduct our war work efficiently.

Many good citizens had feared that Congress would make for delays and mischief, but now that the session is ending, everybody must admit that both Houses worked well within the intent of the Constitution. There was no lack of free and independent utterance and no trammels on opposition, yet on the whole Congress worked with dispatch and a very large degree of wisdom. The present adjournment is for a brief period only. The Senate voted to take a recess until August 24 in periods of three days at a time.

WANT 7-CENT CARFARES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
AMERICA, July 18.—The American street railways, especially in the East, are fighting hard for seven cent fares, pleading extraordinary increases in operating costs. There seems some chance for them to succeed, but if they do get the desired increase, it will inevitably follow that municipal control and regulation will become more intimate and strict, with possibly great changes in franchises.

DULL DAYS ON SANDS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, July 18.—A lady police corps on the job at Coney Island gives stern moral instruction to lady bathers who think that man wants but little here below or above either.

They spend their time separating many warmly embracing couples and altogether spoil the whole day for ardent sea bathers.

A lady camouflage corps has camouflaged the wooden battleship Recruit, in Union Square, New York City, in black, white, pink, green and blue.

LIQUOR RIDER NEXT BUSINESS BEFORE SENATE

Wets and Drys Both Shout
Victory, but Latter
Hold Cards

REVENUE MEASURE THEN UP

War Excess Profits and Luxuries
May Provide Good Share of
War Taxes

By J. W. MULLER,
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[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
AMERICA, July 18.—The prohibition amendment to the food bill will be the first matter for consideration when the Senate reconvenes on August 24. Dry advocates have forced this agreement and have won their point that the issue is to be fought out to a decision.

Wets and drys both assert that they are sure of victory, but the general tone of the wet advocates is not quite so confident as it used to be. Some wets are already talking of merely setting ahead as far as possible the date for putting prohibition into effect.

It should be understood that this prohibition amendment to the food bill is a different thing from the prohibition amendment to the Constitution, already before the nation. The present move is in the form of a rider to the appropriation bill and may be objected to on that ground by the administration, which is on record as having objected to important laws passed as riders.

Battle Over War Taxation

After prohibition is out of the way, Congress will presumably tackle the great revenue measure immediately and may have a battle royal over war taxation. Our experience since the war began have furnished heavy munitions for advocates of drastic war excess profits, and there is talk of raising 75 per cent of the new revenue in that way.

There will also be a determined attempt to lay heavy taxes on luxuries, with very radical definitions of what may be considered luxuries. It is impossible to say now whether the women's suffrage amendment will be sidetracked by the big fights on these other issues. It won't be if the women have anything to say about it, and they think they have.

REGIMENTAL BANDS NOW 50 PIECES EACH

Leaders to Be Commissioned
—Drum Corps for
Infantry

Music hath charms to rouse the savage, and that is why each regiment's band is to be increased from 28 to 50 pieces. The General Staff has so ordered, at the suggestion of General Pershing.

The change comes as the result of a study of French military band music and a comparison of the French system with our own. Band leaders, who have hitherto been non-coms, will be made first or second lieutenants, according as they have had more or less than five years' military experience at that job.

The additions to the old time regimental band will be two band sergeants, two band corporals, four musicians first class, six musicians second class and seven musicians third class.

A bugle and drum corps will be created for every infantry regiment. Each corps will include all the company buglers and not more than 13 drummers.

SHIP CONSTRUCTION STILL GOING STRONG

Government Contracts for
120,000 Tons in Big
Chinese Yards

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, July 18.—Thirty-five keels are now laid at the Home Island shipyards, and the number of workers is 28,500, with 1,500 more coming. The Government has contracted for building 120,000 tons of steel cargo ships in the Shanghai, China, shipbuilding yards.

This plant has 12 ways and ample facilities for rapid construction, having turned out 300 vessels during its existence.

Rapid progress is being made in government construction of model towns for housing shipworkers. The country's best architects are cooperating. Henry Ford's Detroit yards have launched the first Eagle boat, and Mr. Ford predicts that in a few weeks an Eagle will take the water daily. Each of these submarine chasers is to be 225 feet long.

THE NONCOMBATANT



SERGEANT OF M.P.'S FINED MONTH'S PAY; AIN'T IT TERRIBLE?

Louis Goetbloet Ought to
Know Better—He's 12
Years Old

MISSES SEVEN REVEILLES

Terror of Blois, Long in Service,
Collides With Ninety-sixth
Article of War

Sergeant Louis Goetbloet is in disgrace.

It is not the policy of this newspaper to hold up before the contumelious gaze of his fellow soldiers every man who fails to answer reveille for seven mornings in succession, and who, being confined therefore, conspires with another member of his organization and escapes from confinement.

But an example has got to be made. And Sergeant Louis Goetbloet is the man.

There are, sad to relate, no mitigating circumstances. Sergeant Goetbloet is old enough to know better. His 12th summer is now rolling away into his checkered past. He is four feet, three inches high—his service record says so. He has been in the service since June 1, 1918, when he was duly sworn in as a member of Provisional Company No. 1, Military Police, at Blois.

The Model Soldier

Everybody knows that an M.P. is supposed to be the model of what every soldier ought to be. So does Louis. Louis was such a beautiful model during the first fine rapture of his military career that there made him a sergeant. And now—ain't it terrible?

Louis Goetbloet is a Belgian. You can't have the combination twice in one shore name and be anything else. Louis was born in Liege, a town which the Germans have held ever since the war was a few days old. Louis wasn't there when the Germans reached it, though. He and his mother had fled. His father was already fighting.

Louis didn't flee far enough, however. The Germans kept coming. Louis kept going. Eventually he got down to Blois with his mother, and there his wounded father later joined them. And then came the Americans, the M.P.'s in the vanguard, with more to follow them, until now some are coming from the front via one base hospital or another, to be reclassified, some for full and active service once more, others for lighter or heavier duty in the S.O.S., others to return to America.

It was Louis's idea of a good time. He fell in love with the M.P.'s right up to the neck. The M.P.'s moved on, but another company came, and Louis adopted them one and all. So it was finally decided to admit Louis into the M.P. family. He had all the qualifications. He spoke French, German and the dialect of his native Belgium, and he was rapidly acquiring

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NO FIXED WHEAT PRICE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, July 18.—President Wilson has vetoed the bill fixing the price of wheat at \$2.40 a bushel. He gave as his reason that the present classic price control by conference of all interests was satisfactory.

Wheat and other crop prospects continue good, though the June weather was not all that was desired. If there are no unfavorable and unexpected developments, we anticipate bumper crops.

NEED ANY PAJAMAS? ASK YOUR COLONEL

Regimental or Higher Com-
mander Must O.K. Pack-
age Requests

If you want a set of Mark Twain, 5,000 cork-tipped cigarettes, a fur coat and a bathing suit shipped you by your aunt in Evanston, Ill., there is no use asking the captain to approve the request. The power of granting approval in such cases is now taken from the company commander and placed in the hands of the regimental or higher commander. A War Department bulletin from Washington has done the deed.

Thus have new duties been devised to while away the colonel's leisure hours. The bulletin on the subject of packages from home further explains that the same restrictions apply to express and freight shipments as to parcel post. None of these agencies may accept Aunt Lucy's package unless the request bearing at least a colonel's signature is presented with it.

Furthermore, the War Department order warns the colonels and higher that they must not approve requests for supplies that could be obtained by the needy soldier in France.

Two points are not covered by the bulletins. What about stray units that have no colonels? And what about Christmas?

EXODUS OF LOAFERS KEEPS DOWN ARRESTS

New York's Bag of Elegant
Bums Grows Smaller
Every Day

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, July 18.—A great exodus of loafers to other climes makes New York City's daily bag of elegant bums astonishingly small.

Only a few hundred have been caught, among them two brothers whose mother called on the police to take them out of bed, where they spent most of the day. The police caught another expert living in a burrow in an empty lot. Ten thousand men were rounded up in Chicago as slackers, but most of them were released after they had produced cards.

AMERICAN FLYERS GET FIRST CHANCE IN REAL BIG SHOW

Yanks, French and British
Beat Hun to It in
Offensive

MOVING TROOPS SCATTERED

Airmen's Machine Guns Convert
Truck Train Into Riddled
Ant Hill

The opening of the new German offensive gave American aviation units their first opportunity to participate in a major operation, their first chance to join in a big scale air offensive.

The bombardment which signaled the beginning of the German attack began shortly after dark Sunday night. At daylight Sunday morning Allied airplanes in force had crossed the German lines to clear the air, harass enemy movements, and learn as much as possible of German concentrations and artillery positions. There was no pretense of secrecy. The Allies knew the Germans were on the eve of their attack and the Germans knew the Allies knew it.

In these air forces the Americans were well and gallantly represented.

The American observation planes which, unheralded, had done their share in the preceding days in learning of the enemy's plans and preparations, went to take photographs and locate troops and guns. As a gauge of their success, it may be said that during Sunday they located 25 enemy batteries, most of which were neutralized by our artillery before the foe's artillery preparation had got fairly under way. Our chase squadrons, which heretofore had confined themselves to air fighting, were instructed to fly low and harass enemy troops and ammunition movements with machine gun fire.

It was in this preliminary fighting that Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, who but three days previous had shot down his first German machine, was probably lost.

Lieutenant Roosevelt was flying with a patrol of five, from which he became separated. He saw two machines and, believing them a part of his group, flew to join them. As he neared them, he discovered they were Germans, and attacked immediately. They separated, and he pursued one to a point 25 kilometers behind the German lines, where he saw it going down in smoke and flames.

Loss Quickly Avenged

Early Sunday morning Lieutenant Roosevelt went out with his squadron and did not return. His brother aviators reported that they had seen a machine fall in flames which they were unable to identify. This, it is feared, was his. If the battle can be said to have begun when the air fighting became intense, Lieutenant Roosevelt was probably the first American loss in the Battle of Champagne.

His loss was quickly avenged. Ameri-

YANKS BATTLE GRIMLY AGAINST HUN HORDES IN FIFTH OFFENSIVE

TO AID SOLDIERS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, July 18.—The Red Cross is planning to run 39 great convalescent houses for soldiers and sailors.

The War Department, in cooperation with the Red Cross and the National Bar Association, is working out a complete system for free legal aid for all soldiers and their families.

The Elks, at the order's golden jubilee celebration in Atlantic City, set aside one million dollars for war work.

TWO HUN PLANES DROP BOMBS ON A.R.C. HOSPITAL

Two Killed, 13 Hurt in De-
liberate Night Attack
at Juilly

FOUR WOUNDED MEN HIT

One Is Struck in Spot from Which
Piece of Shrapnel Had Just
Been Removed

German airplanes on Monday night made a deliberate attack on the American Red Cross hospital at Juilly, 25 kilometers northeast of Paris, and dropped four bombs, two of which fell squarely on the roofs of hospital tents, killing two enlisted men among the hospital personnel, wounding nine other attendants, including a nurse, and wounding four patients undergoing treatment.

An extended report on the bombing has been certified to Col. Harvey D. Gibson, commissioner of the American Red Cross for France, by the organization's director of public information, who conducted a personal inquiry on the ground.

The bombs were dropped on the hospital at 11 o'clock. At least two German aviators participated in the raid. Besides the two bombs that fell fairly on the roofs of hospital tents, one fell seven feet from the wall of another tent, and one fell to the usual markings of a hospital on the lawn immediately adjoining it. A cross formed of white duck, the extreme dimensions of the arms being 30 meters. Photographs recently taken from an airplane show that this cross is visible 10,000 feet in the air.

All question as to the deliberate character of the raid is removed by the agreeing account of seven witnesses, who stated that the Hun aviators flew back and forth several times, then shut off their engines, came down to within a few hundred feet and dropped their bombs. They were seen to be aiming at the usual markings of a hospital, on the lawn immediately adjoining it. A cross formed of white duck, the extreme dimensions of the arms being 30 meters. Photographs recently taken from an airplane show that this cross is visible 10,000 feet in the air.

There are no structures of any kind near the hospital and the railway tracks are three kilometers distant. In addition to the usual markings of a hospital, on the lawn immediately adjoining it is a cross formed of white duck, the extreme dimensions of the arms being 30 meters. Photographs recently taken from an airplane show that this cross is visible 10,000 feet in the air.

French, Italian and American troops met the onslaught, and British aviators in great numbers shared in the fighting that is done in the skies.

Part of Vast Target

This was the first time since the war began that American troops have been part of the target of a German offensive. Some few American soldiers were thrown into a gap during the later progress of the big March drive, and American troops in numbers that counted jumped into the fight which halted the German in the first days of June in and around Chateau-Thierry. But here were Americans ready and waiting.

They were in the thick of some of the most desperate and spectacular fighting on the whole stretch, some of the most desperate and spectacular fighting American soldiers have ever known. The prisoners taken by them in the first 48 hours, according to a rough unofficial guess, numbered about 1,200.

No American troops came in for more violent fighting than those represented in that stretch of the line to the south and west of Rheims—the stretch from Chateau-Thierry to the Marne.

In the March drive, the river itself, and the Germans had to cross it first.

They crossed it. They got badly muddled up doing it and afterward. And on Wednesday night the American communiqué announced:

"In the March drive our troops have entirely regained possession of the south bank of the river."

Infantry Comes at Dawn

The Germans prepared the way with a bombardment of high-explosives, shrapnel and gas. They then came on in a comparatively quiet manner, with an outpouring from rifles and machine guns like a holiday excursion. Then at dawn came the Hun infantry swarming across the narrow, smooth-flowing, curving stream of the Marne. They crossed the bridges. As they crossed, the Allied artillery opened fire against them, the machine gun bearing airplanes swooped down on them, and they were met on our side by men ready and primed for hand-to-hand fighting.

There was plenty of use for rifles and for fire in the cornered and stubborn battle that followed on the southern bank of the Marne. By sundown on Tuesday the Americans had pushed back to the river's edge the enemy troops that had taken territory in their sector of the battlefield and had left on their side a few scattered German machine guns, and so on as well as other weapons.

Sticks to River's Edge

It would scarcely be the nicest military accuracy to describe the American attack at this point as a counter-attack. As it looked Wednesday morning, it seemed rather the successful outcome of a swaying, unrelenting contest for their own ground by Yankees into whom the rushing enemy had infiltrated, now by eights, now by companies, now by battalions.

It can be said of one American battalion that it never left the river's edge at all, though at one time it hung on alone with Germans all around. And it can be said of one German battalion that, after infiltrating according to the approved and time not very happy German method, it collected in a ravine and so was all together when it came time to surrender to the surrounding

AMERICAN COW TRUE BLUE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, July 18.—The American cow will soon be demanding a D.S.C. from your army. She has produced nearly one hundred million dollars of milk, butter and cheese for export, mostly to the A.E.F., and is still letting down patriotically.

WANAMAKER 80, JOHN D. 79

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, July 18.—John Wanamaker has celebrated his 80th birthday and John D. Rockefeller his 79th. Both are doing well.

Yankees, who sent to the rear the entire battalion, major, staff and all.

In this swaying battle, Americans would be taken prisoner and then recaptured by their own pals before the enemy could make off with them.

The heavy toll of dead and wounded exacted from the enemy by the waiting Allies was heavy not only because they were waiting, but because the Germans, in addition to the advance, had difficult territory to negotiate.

In crossing the Marne between Chateau-Thierry and Dormans, they had to move over an unprotected flat into waiting guns. The American artillery, entering a war in which the artillery has been deemed for the most part to the dismal and unsatisfactory business of shooting day in and day out at a distant and unseen foe—firing forever at a mathematical point—was here suddenly presented with the opportunity of firing point-blank. It made the most of it.

Five Defend Bridge

When the artillery chronicle comes to be written, there will have to be a page set aside for the story of the call for volunteers to take a field piece right down to the water's edge and use it as you would use a rifle against the German host, racing across a bridge at that point. Of the many volunteers, five were killed, but the bridge was slightly damaged before they themselves—all of them—were killed.

The artillery story will tell, too, of an American regiment arriving on the scene with batteries of heavies and going into action under fire.

The Air Service, too, must have an honored chapter in history of the battle that began in the early hours of July 15. Not only had American aviators played a memorable part in the advance reconnaissance which robbed the offensive of every atom of surprise, but they supported the ground workers in every daylight hour, riding down German concentrations and defending their own.

And the cavalry. For in this battle mounted American cavalry made their first appearance on the western front. They were only six strong, six rough-riding enlisted men who carried messages when all wires were down, went on with their work through a tornado of fire, charging through gas clouds with ducked heads, going on with their messages afoot when, as happened to two of them, their horses were shot down under them.

It is difficult for anyone who has been in contact with the troops fighting south of the Marne to write temperately and with fine national modesty of the spirit shown by the troops—a spirit that would thrill a hundred million hearts back home and that fulfilled its promise to all those who hoped and prayed and believed that the best of this generation would go on to a world battlefield and show himself a good soldier.

As They Reached the Hospital

That spirit had a chance for expression in the hand-to-hand fighting reminiscent of the battles of the pioneer forefathers. But it expressed itself in a different way, and never more eloquently than at the field hospital where ambulance after ambulance brought up its load of wounded, fearfully wounded, who persisted in grinning and rattling away with exuberant boyish satisfaction till the doctors who worked over them could not speak for the lumps in their cheeks and the proud mist in their eyes.

Always, as the wounded were lifted out, you could hear them explaining to all within earshot that they had got five or ten or 20 Fritz before a Fritz got them.

One man with a badly hurt leg will be around again before long, but this did not interest him. He wanted the litter boys to understand that, with the aid of a well-placed machine gun, he had done for 256 G.F. tanks before a German did for him.

One youngster with his back shot to pieces lay on a stretcher with his wounds invisible to the passerby and to each one he volunteered the information that there was nothing the matter with him and that, if he could burn a cigarette off any guy around there, he would go back to the front on the next ambulance. He died before the day was done.

Wanted Quick Transfer

One man waited just long enough for a piece of shrapnel to be pried out of an ugly wound in his leg to bide his time until the doctors should be engaged in another case, when he sneaked out of the first aid station and made tracks for his outfit, then in the thick of things, as well he knew. That is why no hospital appealed to him.

A young Infantry lieutenant, whose leg was shot away below the knee, begged the field surgeons who dressed him to transfer him immediately to the Artillery so that he could go on with his business of killing Germans. He reminded him that such a transfer was out of the power of anyone at the moment, but they promised him that his days in the Army were not over yet. And the promise cheered him mightily, as you could see by the smile he wore when they carried him to the waiting ambulance.

It scarcely abated that spirit any to learn, as the vast spreading tidings told many of the men on Tuesday, that a German had wantonly bombed an American hospital the night before. The word was carried to the very front by many a Signal Corps man and many a train worker. It helped.

That spirit glowed through all ranks and through every branch of the service. The colonel who made trip after trip to his dugout carrying the wounded boys of his own command in his enormous arms and the Q.M. truck master who, while guiding his train of ambulances, would guide the leg by a low-swooping German plane and then drove his motorcycle 15 kilometers to a field hospital before he fainted—they were made of the same stuff, those two.

Everybody In It

So was the chaplain who shouldered a pick and dug graves in the broiling sun all day long. So was the little flat-footed, unruly private who had been tried, as a last resort, in the medical detachment of one Infantry regiment and who, when the first aid station where he was working was blown to pieces and when he found he was the only person there not disabled, managed somehow to crawl out and, after an almost miraculous journey through a downpour of shells and shrapnel, to give the news and bring back aid.

So were all the litter boys who worked like Trojans, the hospital men who toiled grimly over the patients brought in to them, the Signal Corps men who lay on their bellies mending wires while the shells poured down all around them—went on mending wires while the men on either side were hit and put out of business.

Against them were young Germans, shock troops for the most part, but in all the netful of prisoners drawn in to headquarters by the French and the Americans, there was noted a lower morale and a feebler enthusiasm than any batch of German prisoners have shown since the excitement began on March 21.

Some of the prisoners were taken in strange ways. One group of eight Americans were caught, herded together

TWO WOMEN SEEK PLACES IN SENATE

Miss Martin of Nevada Is Candidate for Republican Nomination

NEW YORK POLITICS WARM

Candidates Are Thick as Daisies and Air Full of Rival Defiances

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, July 18.—Two women are candidates for the United States Senate. Miss Jeannette Rankin, now in Congress, is up for the Republican nomination in Montana against Senator Welch, who seems certain to win the Democratic nomination.

Miss Anne Martin is a candidate for the Republican nomination in Nevada against Representative E. E. Roberts, with Senator Henderson on the Democratic side. She announces as her platform public ownership of public utilities, prohibition, radical labor laws and support of the President.

Senatorial elections will be held this year in 33 States, with many contests within the parties.

New York politics are joyously hot. Democrats and Republicans will hold unofficial conventions at Saratoga within the next ten days, and candidates are thick as daisies in the meadows. The air is full of rival defiances and prophecies of bloody defeats for adversaries.

Returns from the recent enrollment of women voters in New York State show 679,618. Women Republicans number 375,000; Democrats, 248,000; Prohibitionists, 37,000; Socialists, 20,000. The men are enrolled as follows: Republicans, 740,000; Democrats, 640,000; Prohibitionists, 21,000; Socialists, 67,000; total, 1,473,000.

AMERICAN FLYERS GET FIRST CHANCE IN REAL BIG SHOW

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can aviators during Sunday, Monday and Tuesday believe they destroyed 14 machines. Some of these were confirmed readily, but in several instances the counts took place so far behind the Boche lines that there were no Allied witnesses.

On Thursday evening, for instance, an American squadron went on a patrol over the German lines and met a Boche squadron of almost equal numbers. Four German planes were destroyed, the fall of three being confirmed by French artillery before the airmen returned to their flying base.

On Monday and Tuesday, when the Germans, out of necessity, abandoned their practice of moving troops and ammunition by night, that the Allied aviators did their most spectacular work.

Miles of Reinforcements

On Monday a great flock of airplanes flew over the German lines. This group included British, French and American planes, the Americans flying lowest, the French next and the British on top. As they came over an important highway on which the Germans depend for their communication with a large sector, they sighted two wagon trains of reinforcements several miles long.

The American commander dived to attack them. Flying at an altitude of 200 yards, he began with the leading vehicle and continued up the line until he had exhausted his machine gun ammunition. He was followed by every one of the American airplanes, and behind them, in turn, came the French and the British.

The whole 200 machines emptied their guns at the miles of wagons and the fields beside the road into which the Germans scurried. Never, say the American aviators, have they seen Germans—or anybody else for that matter—move so fast for cover as that lot of would-be work horses.

"An anti-bomb would look like a Sunday church service in comparison with that bunch," said one of the flyers. "There is no telling how many of them we hit, but we hit a good many, and it will be a long time before they ever use those trucks to haul soldiers and guns."

Time after time the American bird-men came back to their hangars to replenish their ammunition and then soar away to attack the Germans again. Some aviators made as many as five flights in a single day.

and marched to the rear. Midway in their course they suddenly overpowered their captors, took them prisoner and brought them back to America, plus several others casually picked up en route. One very young American was across the Marne when he escaped from his drowsy guard. He armed himself handsomely with the automatic of a dead German officer, and, thus fortified, swam the river and rejoined his outfit.

In some places, the French and Americans were so mingled as to earn the phrase Franco-American troops, and in one little hillside graveyard, the Italians who were playing the role of grave-diggers for the moment alternated the graves—one French, one American, one French, one American, and so on across the sunlit field, keeping the alliance to the very end.

The right wing of the German offensive did not reach west of Chateau-Thierry, but, until the infantry started to move last Monday at dawn, its exact limits could not have been guessed. At least the aerial and artillery activity reached that far and, therefore, when Monday morning came, the Americans there were on their toes.

They were bound to defend their newly won village of Vaux, and when all that visited them afoot proved to be merely a German patrol, they gave it a savage reception, took prisoner what was left of it and celebrated the day by pushing their own line several hundred meters ahead of where it had rested for a fortnight and more.

SERGEANT OF M.P.'S FINED MONTH'S PAY; AIN'T IT TERRIBLE?

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English. He was a regular martinet for discipline. He had a very soldierly walk—the members of the General Staff carry their heads no higher and their shoulders no further back.

Louis signed up for the duration of the war. He came to live in the M.P. barracks. A distressed supply sergeant scratched his head in hopeless perplexity until he learned that Louis's father was a tailor. That settled the uniform problem. There is no finer looking, neater fitting suit of O.D. in all Blois than Louis's.

He was given a number. It is 123456789. That ought to scare the Kaiser. He was given a revolver. Later he returned it. He said it was too heavy.

No High Jinks With Louis

The younger generation of Blois quickly learned to respect him. There were no shinnings, no high jinks, when Louis was around. Toward the members of his own profession he was the essence of good behavior. He saluted every one in uniform indiscriminately. Rear rank privates and major generals were all one to Louis.

Louis's uniform was already resplendent with both Mexican service badges and no less than seven service stripes. But further honors were in store for him. He was made a sergeant, and three chevrons were duly fixed upon his right sleeve.

Thus did Louis reach the pinnacle of his career—or its pinnacle to date. Perhaps he will rise out of the slough of despond into which he has sunk and push on to new and unguessed distinctions. But not just yet.

Perhaps some day Louis will explain just how he happened to backslide. Perhaps it went to his head to be made a sergeant. Perhaps he thought sergeants, instead of being exemplars for less fortunate people, could do about as they saw fit.

Anyway, that is what Louis set out to do. The butcher of Trochu's Company No. 1, Military Police, of Blois winds his horn as shrilly as any other bugler in the A.E.F., but his shrillness began to have no effect on Louis, who perhaps now thought himself secure owing to his elevated rank, his allotment of 15 francs a month, and his general indispensability to the military organization.

Now, if there is any one thing a man learns in the Army, it is that not a man in it is indispensable. And so Louis, sleeping wondrously through no less than seven reveilles in succession, woke up on the last of the seven to find that his 15-year-old head had collided squarely with the 96th Article of War.

The Crime Sheet

There is little more to tell. It is all down in the books, anyway. Sergeant Makuski, Cook Craft and First Sergeant Stevens can tell you all about it. They told the court officer, and their names are inscribed on the charge sheet as witnesses. Here is the terrible tale in all its official horror:

CHARGE: Violation of the 96th Article of War.

SPECIFICATION: 1. In that Sergeant Gottlieb, in prisoner in quarters, Military Police, did, at Blois, France, on or about the 8th day of July, 1918, conspire with a member of the organization and escaped from confinement. You see, after those unheeded bugle calls, Louis was put on his good behavior until further notice. He was allowed some liberties, but he had to report his goings out and his comings in. To continue:

SPECIFICATION: 2. In that Sergeant Gottlieb, having received a lawful order from First Sergeant Stevens to report hourly, the said Sergeant Gottlieb, being in execution of his office, did, at Blois, France, on or about the 9th day of July, 1918, fail to obey same.

SPECIFICATION: 3. In that Sergeant Gottlieb disobeyed standing orders of the organization by not answering reveille for seven (7) days in succession. You can see what's coming. Maybe you've been there.

FINDINGS. Charge 1. Guilty. Specification 1. Guilty. Specification 2. Guilty. Specification 3. Guilty.

SENTENCE. To forfeit his pay for a period of one (1) month.

It is, as we remarked earlier in this tragedy, not the policy of this newspaper to hold up before the contumacious gaze of his fellow soldiers every man who fails to answer reveille for seven (7) mornings in succession. But an example has got to be made.

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MARK TIME!

EVERY now and again the Armes in the field-like regiment on the march arrive at a marking-time period. Leave is rather easier to obtain—and a brief trip to London comes within bounds of possibility. When you come over—no matter where you may be staying—remember that for Luncheon, Afternoon Tea, or Dinner there is no better rendezvous in the West End than the

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AMERICANS' PART IN BASTILLE DAY

Flags of Both Nations Fly Together in Honor of Great Fete

OBSERVANCE AT BASE PORT

Rues du President Wilson Are Now Growing Numerous in France

When the history of this year of years is written, someone is going to have a hard time explaining the difference between the 4th and the 14th of July, 1918, as it was celebrated in France. The story of one reads like the story of the other. The flags of two great republics flew together on both days; the free citizens of those same republics joined hands on both days to celebrate the great act which has for more than a century been to each the symbol of its liberation. Here, for example, are some things that happened on the 14th.

In Paris soldiers from half a score of Allied nations marched in impressive review before a crowd that massed the line of march more than 20 deep. American troops fresh from the Cantigny front were in that line.

At an American headquarters the townspeople's observance of Bastille Day included the dedication of a Rue du President Wilson.

At Lyon the new Pont du President Wilson was dedicated in the presence of the American ambassador to France and American soldiers.

At a Base Port

The celebration at our latest base port may be taken as an expression of the manifestation that took place throughout the length and breadth of France where Americans are stationed. French and then American troops passed in review at the foot of a great monument before a French and an American general and their staffs. Besides American troops, the parade included a display of American equipment—Liberty motors mounted on trucks, rolling kitchens, medical wagons and mounted machine guns. And the parade formed—it almost goes without saying—on the Boulevard President Wilson.

An athletic meet—French and American, of course—was held in the afternoon. Three combined American bands played during the evening. Artists from the opera and a chorus of 200 school children sang "La Marseillaise" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

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by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCS)
MANUAL FOR "WAR-WOMEN" IN FRANCE
by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCS)
ALL BOOKSTORES AND Y. M. C. A. CANTEENS
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CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY

NEW MOONEY TRIAL SOUGHT BY UNIONS

Request Likely That Case Be Taken Out of California's Hands

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, July 18.—Labor unions and other organizations have begun many mass meetings throughout the country demanding that Thomas Mooney, now under sentence of death at San Francisco for alleged complicity in the bomb outrage in the preparedness parade there two years ago, be given a new trial. A great Mooney day demonstration is planned at Washington, near the White House, for July 28.

Public Much Puzzled
Comparatively few newspapers have given much space to the celebrated case, but the feeling among the workers has long been intense, and the public generally is much puzzled, if not disturbed, because the President's letter to the California authorities does not seem to have produced the desired result.

The unions will probably ask the President to take the case out of California's hands and have a federal trial. A meeting at Cleveland passed resolutions reciting that the judge at the trial publicly admitted that Mooney did not get a fair and just trial.

BOOM IN PACIFIC PORTS

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, July 18.—The Pacific coast ports are booming tremendously. They have more than doubled their imports in the last nine months, and increased their exports 50 per cent.

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It shows that your Uncle Sam is thinking of your needs and your comforts. Our Factories work twenty-four hours a day to complete these shipments. Realizing just what good old "Bull" means to you boys in the trenches, smokers at home must go without that we may get the "Makings" over to you in France.

Good luck to you boys!

Go to it! Smoke out the Kaiser! Roll your own into Berlin! When you light up the Huns will light out!

Good old "Bull" is the one bull the Kaiser can't throw.

So go to it! Every single one of these thirty-six million sacks of the "Makings" is chuck full of real American sentiment and love for you. And there's enough yellow cord about the top of the "Bull" sacks to hang every man in the German Army with a double twist in the cord for Willie and Hindenburg.

This paper of yours, "The Stars and Stripes," gives us the opportunity to send our greetings to you. And we do so with a heart full of pride in you and confidence in your sure and lasting victory.

But our best greetings are on the way—thirty-six million sacks full of them—every month!

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BALLOONS AGAIN BOOST TOTAL OF FRENCH MASCOTS

Lighter-Than-Air Men Now
Hold Two Records in
Campaign

D.S.C. WINNER COMES IN

And He Wears Croix de Guerre,
Too—Total of Adoptions
Reaches 370

"Pawhuska, Okla."	1
Mobile Ord. Repair Shop, — Div.	1
— Balloon Company	6
— Aero Squadron	2
Co. A, — U.S. Tug	2
Officers of — Balloon Squadron	1
Miss E. B. Stewart, London	1
Previously adopted	356
Total	370

The balloonists were flying high again this week. The atmosphere was clear and the orphans' visibility excellent.

The officers of one balloon squadron, already materially represented by the enlisted men, requested one orphaned child of France to father for a year, and a balloon company sent in 3,000 francs for six. Yep, six—and it's a record. In fact, the heavy apparatus of the balloons, by their liberal adoptions this week, broke two records.

First, they take all honors for the largest number of child mascots adopted by a single unit of the size of a company, squadron, detachment and the like. A few Infantry companies and one squadron are fathering five orphans, but the — Balloon Company, formerly Company A, — Balloon Squadron, of A.P.O. 711, is the first to take six. And, as the strength of a balloon company is much less than that of a company of Infantry, for instance, the individual contribution was proportionately heavy. It was tantamount to a good day's pay in the U.S.A. avant la guerre and several days' pay in the Army.

Second, the balloon service as a whole, by virtue of this week's adoption, leads all the other main branches of the A.E.F. in the number of children adopted in proportion to its membership.

Supporting 26 Children
The roll of STARS AND STRIPES contains the names of 26 children who will be supported for a year by the balloon men.

"There isn't anybody named Rockefeller or Carnegie or Morgan on our rolls who might have played the angel," says the spokesman for the balloon company. "The deal has been financed by nobody except a crowd of average [which means, of course, high class] aye—co—officers, but just the men we set the record for the aye—co—off." "We're not at all fussy about the age, name or color of the six adopted children," he adds. "The only specifications we make are that they shall be split 50-50—three boys and three girls—and that their names shall be too difficult, because we have as mascots now two diminutive French foxes captured somewhere in the wilds of the S.O.S. and they are going to be honored by being named after two of our youngsters. Of course, we can't name a fox Lucille Cecilia Madeleine or Gaston Claude St. Cyr. Something short and snappy is what we want."

Outside of the activities of the airman, it was a quiet week for the orphans—materially at least. The adoptions numbered 13 which ran the total of the A.E.F. family of mascots up to 370. But there were a couple of adoptions out of the ordinary.

On the Eve of Battle
"Enclosed," said Company A, — Engineers, in a brief, penciled note, "is 1,000 francs for the care of two French orphans. This is being sent just on the eve of our entrance into battle; we will write more in detail later."

The note was a quiet week for the orphans—materially at least. The adoptions numbered 13 which ran the total of the A.E.F. family of mascots up to 370. But there were a couple of adoptions out of the ordinary.

"Credit it to my mother," he instructed, and list it as "Pawhuska, Okla." That's where she lives. And don't use my name."

HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F., agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs (\$87.72) for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot be returned to their own districts, as specified by the adopting units.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for distribution. At least 250 francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

Photographs and the history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be notified of the child's whereabouts and advised monthly of its progress. The Red Cross will determine the disposal of the child. It will be maintained in a French family or sent to a trade or agricultural school.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised. Donations and communications regarding the children should be addressed: War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

TAKE OVER SULPHUR MINES

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, July 18.—The War Industries Board has taken over the country's sulphur mines.

The Secretary of War this week visited the Government's great explosives plant at Nitro, W. Va. Eighteen thousand workers are employed there, and the three thousand buildings erected in record time by 15,000 builders.

AIRPLANE MAIL MOVES FAST

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, July 18.—Lieutenant Torrey H. Webb carried 250 pounds of mail by airplane from Philadelphia to Belmont Park, N. Y., a distance of 90 miles, in 47 minutes.

GETTING A LINE ON THEM



26 MORE D.S.C.'S BESTOWED IN WEEK

Story of Little Lost Doughboy Has Official Sequel

FIVE AWARDS POSTHUMOUS

Infantry, Artillery, Marine Corps
All Represented on
New List

The story of the "little lost doughboy," told in these columns some two months ago, has its sequel this week in the announcement that Private Glen Hill, Infantry, has been awarded the D.S.C.

The little lost doughboy, a National Army soldier sent to an Infantry company as a replacement, somehow strayed into another company, went over the top with them, bayoneted two Germans, and then wouldn't allow himself to be consoling because he hadn't bayoneted them the way he had been taught.

The Commander-in-Chief doesn't seem to care about the method, however, in this particular instance, as Private Hill's citation awarding him the Cross testified:

"Having recently been assigned to the regiment and hearing order for counter-attack being given in adjoining detachment, he joined the latter and himself killed two of the enemy with his bayonet."

The Men Honored

The week's awards of the D.S.C. total 26. The names of the honored, with a summary of their citations, follow:

PRIVATE WILLIAM R. DAVIS, Infantry, bayoneted at post and continued to fight until he was severely wounded.

PRIVATE JOSEPH J. CANNON, Infantry, voluntarily went with command to advance post in communicating trench and held back enemy advance until companion was killed and he himself severely wounded.

PRIVATE ELMER L. LANE, Infantry, stood on parapet of trench in heavy fog and threw grenades at enemy until severely wounded.

PRIVATE JOHN J. COURTNEY, SERGEANT, P. T. JACQUES, PRIVATE 1st CLASS WALTER J. MCCANN, PRIVATE 1st CLASS J. ALLEN K. DEXTER, INFANTRY, CHAUNCEY MARINO, all Infantry. All went through shell-swept area to bring wounded in to place of safety.

PRIVATE 1st CLASS KENNETH B. PAGE and CHARLIE M. DODGE, Infantry, carried mortally wounded officer to dressing station through shelled area.

PRIVATE 1st CLASS WILLIAM S. FALEY, Infantry, Battalion Scout Officer, exposed himself constantly to shellfire and worked for 24 hours after being wounded.

When finally sent to a dressing station he collapsed.

CORPORAL JAMES R. TIGNONLEY, Infantry, aided in defense of his position by climbing a tree and shouting out the enemy's location.

PRIVATE H. R. JOHNSON and PRIVATE J. C. PARENT, Field Artillery, re-established telephone communication although severely wounded.

PRIVATE EDWARD L. DION, Infantry, surrounded by enemy, fought them off with grenades and rifle and carried a wounded comrade to safety through shell-swept area.

PRIVATE JEREMIAH TRYON climbed out of his trench and killed a troublesome sniper.

LT. COL. LOGAN PELAND, Marines, led his troops into action through heavy artillery and machine gun fire.

MAJOR J. S. TURRILL, Marines, led his men into attack.

FIRST SERGEANT BENJAMIN JAMES, Field Artillery, cared for other wounded when shell struck gun pit, though himself seriously wounded, and declined aid until all the others had been cared for.

PRIVATE WILLIAM S. FALEY, Machine Gun Battalion, maintained communication between firing line and headquarters by visual signaling. Knocked down twice, remained at post for several hours under heavy shell fire.

The following awards are posthumous: SERGEANT JOSHUA H. BROADHEAD, Infantry, wounded early in engagement, he continued to keep his gun in action and was later killed.

PRIVATE 1st CLASS FRANK P. GORDON, Infantry, went to aid of wounded comrade. Both were killed.

PRIVATE JOSEPH R. BLAIR, Infantry, declined to seek cover during bombardment, awaited enemy attack, and fell in action.

CORPORAL RUSSEL A. HOYT, Infantry, held back enemy in communicating trench with one comrade until killed.

PRIVATE HOWARD P. FITZGERALD, Infantry, dug out buried comrade while under heavy fire, receiving mortal wound.

60 MEN, ONE COOK

It takes nine tailors to make a man; it takes one cook to make 60 men content.

Such in brief is the appointment of G.H.Q. with regard to the messes at Army schools and corps schools—one cook for each 60 student soldiers, at least, with one cook for each separate mess of less than 60 student soldiers.

It is also stipulated that in cases where that ratio does not accurately apply, it is up to the commander of the school to straighten it out.

One cook for every 60 soldiers on duty at the schools (but not as students) is also provided for, in case those soldiers are not already in an organization that has its own cooks.

And there will be one mess sergeant to every 250 students.

Y.M. AND RED CROSS CHECK OVERLAPPING

Division of Labor Plan to
Become Operative
November 1

In order to keep their work from overlapping, the Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross have each contributed two members to a liaison committee, and this committee has already decided on the division of labor in certain fields.

Take the canteen service. The Red Cross will furnish its regular canteen service on all railway lines of communication for soldiers in transit and also emergency service for troops in transit. It will provide such canteens as may be necessary in connection with ambulance service at the front and it will continue its present canteen arrangements at Issoudun. But all other canteens will be run by the Y.M.C.A.

The Y.M.C.A., on the other hand, will withdraw from all hospitals, turning over to the Red Cross all huts now being operated there as soon as the Red Cross is ready to take charge of them. But these changes will not set in before November 1.

The Red Cross has planned to construct and equip, but not to operate, certain rest rooms for Air Service officers in the Z. of A.

KICK AT FORM OF D.S.C.

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, July 18.—The National Sculpture Society is fighting hard against the retention of the designs of the present Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, and the Distinguished Service Medal.

It wants new competitive designs by the best artists in the country, subject to the approval of the National Commission of Fine Arts.

The society's secretary protests strongly against the present designs as unworthy, and says they must have been gotten up by camouflage artists.

SPECIAL SERVICE INSIGNIA

Officers who have been called to service from the Reserve Corps or assigned to special duty and also unassigned officers may wear the special service insignia. This insignia is now a cut-out coat of arms surrounded by a circle. It has been decided to drop the coat of arms; superimposed on a disk, which was formerly worn by officers on special assignment.

An officer assigned to any branch of the service for which no distinctive insignia is provided wears the insignia of his regular branch.

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DOUGHBOY TROUPE SHINES IN CHORUS

Base Section No. 1 Stages
Show That May Go on
Tank Circuit

A theatrical troupe composed of impulsive young volunteers from all the outfits more or less permanent, sentenced to duty in Base Section No. 1 gave its first performance last Friday evening in the biggest theater in that neighborhood. It will repeat the performance by special and clamorous request tonight, and is already considering flattering proposals to tour the tank towns of the vicinity. There are lots of tank towns in that vicinity.

The most striking success was scored by the cluster of doughboys who revealed hitherto unexpected talents as chorus girls. They were so good that one young lieutenant of very recent vintage in the audience, who in the old days, knew every stage entrance on Broadway, absent-mindedly dashed behind the scenes between the acts. He emerged to report that even at close range they weren't half bad.

British Provide Program

The troupe is enrolled from various regiments of Engineers, Motor Transport sections, Medical Department detachments, M.P.'s Signal Corps battalions and Y.M.C.A. huts. The Y.M.C.A. got up the show. The program was conceived by the British Army in that the first piece, "Man proposes, God disposes," was founded on an Xyros corporal and written by a Tommy incident, and the second, "The Crimson Coconut," was written by Ian Hay (Capt. Ian Hay Bell), author of "The First Hundred Thousand."

But no one in the British Army wrote the music the jazz band played.

OLEO PAINTERS SUE

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, July 18.—Over-artistic oleomargarine producers have been sued by the Government for coloring their oleo in lifelike imitation of the best creamery butter.

Boston wool merchants have been sued for \$2,000,000 by the Government on the charge of dodging taxes.

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The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1918.

The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of July 12, 1918, was 114,199; an increase of 10,792 over the previous week.

THE GREAT INVESTMENT

The father and mother of one young American killed in action wrote recently to a mother outside whose window back home hangs a two-starred flag, and it is our privilege to quote this passage from their unflinching letter:

"We now know what Lincoln meant by 'the last full measure of devotion'."

"Our soldier was killed in Flanders under the roar of the cannon. He is buried there; and from our point of view, there can be no more glorious resting place for a true patriot, fighting for the world-old cause of liberty, than in the consecrated soil of France."

"He was our all, but since he gave all except his hope of Heaven, we must consecrate ourselves to those who, in the trying days to come, are called to meet the awful shock of war."

"We shall all do our part a little better if we remember that the hearts of this father and this mother are with us now, if we but pray that we may be worthy of their transferred allegiance. For they belong to that company, that growing company, of those who have the greatest stake in this war. In it they have made the great investment."

WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

At the convention of the International Dancing Masters' Association held in Chicago, plans were announced for a "dancing masters' unit" soon to embark for France "to instruct American soldiers regarding the newest steps."

It has been said of the A.E.F. that it is a large and patient body of men completely and bewilderingly surrounded by graphophones, movie cameras, canteens, investigators, upholders and professional entertainers. The A.E.F. is getting larger every day. Also, it is getting less patient. And announcements like the foregoing are not exactly calculated to increase its stock-in-hand of the job-like virtue.

We have been polite to most of the investigators. We have been respectful to most of the upholders. We have looked interested and pleasant for most of the professional entertainers. But as for this proposed offensive of the dancing masters—

O Lord, O Lord, what have we done to deserve such a visitation?

IS SPANKING TOO GOOD?

"Where did the field clerk get the right to put on service stripes? They have them on at G.H.Q. All the soldiers are taking them off. They say they won't wear them if the field clerk does."

We have answered the writer personally and told him precisely where field clerk got the right to put on service chevrons. But his query, rather his state of mind, demands more general notice than a personal reply affords.

He has apparently drifted into the wrong army, to begin with. He has apparently forgotten that no war, and this war least of all, can be won by venting a petty spite against a group of your own men, especially when it is vented through such a contemptible and unpatriotic act.

We hold no brief for the field clerk. But we have seen some of them at a headquarters in the vicinity of which a Roche shell landed occasionally, where things were somewhat too busy to permit of their stopping to write letters in their own defense—if it were worth while writing a defense to one so deluded as to think that he speaks for "all the soldiers."

Lay off, "spokesman." This war is against the Kaiser, not against the field clerk.

A LETTER HOME

Abel Katz, late of Salem, Mass., and more recently of Battery D in a certain regiment of Field Artillery, A.E.F., wrote a nice long piece about the war in the form of a letter to his mother. As Mrs. Katz showed it to someone on the home town paper, and as the home town paper immediately printed it with a picture of Abel taken by the best photographer in Salem, we are privileged to reproduce some of its choicer passages. *Les void:*

"We are not eating beef for the present. It costs too much and roast turkey is the substitute. We get it every day. . . . We are the first Americans in the trenches. The regulars are doing guard duty in the big French cities. The Germans started to run back. Battery D of the Salem started to fire in front of them so they could not run away, and when they started to surrender we would not think of it. About six or seven out of 500 Germans got back."

Dear, dear—a gross flattery of the Army mess, an entirely false claim for Abel's division, a baseless slur on the regulars,

and a witless libel on the American Army, all in one well-meaning letter home.

What are we to think of the mental powers of Abel and his like who pen such rubbish?

What are we to think of the mental powers and sense of responsibility of the censor who passes such rubbish and so transmits it to gullible Salem?

And what, oh, what are we to think of the mental powers and sense of responsibility and general right to remain in the newspaper business of whatever editor of the Salem Evening News scatters such rubbish through the homes of a New England town that has not been queer in its head since the days of the Salem witchcraft?

Any one with a decent minimum of knowledge about the A.E.F. could have told that Abel was writing rot. Such a decent minimum is expected of every editor back home. Great expectations—disappointed almost every time we pick up a home town paper!

THANK YOU, GERMANY

The A.E.F. doesn't talk about itself. It may think about itself, it may even think well of itself, but it says nothing about itself. One unit may say of another, "Say, they fought like hell, didn't they?" But it won't say it of its own particular unit.

Still, the A.E.F. appreciates compliments. We like it when the French speak well of us. And we like it when the Germans speak well of us, especially when what they say is embodied in a confidential report that we were never intended to see.

What the Germans think of one American division has recently been disclosed in a document that fell into the hands of the French after an attack to the north of the Chateau-Thierry sector.

"The American division may be considered a very good division," it says, "perhaps even an assault division. The various attacks of the two regiments upon Belleau Wood were executed with dash and intrepidity. The moral effect of our fire was not able seriously to check the advance of the troops. The nerves of the Americans are not yet worn out."

The report is speaking of one division, rather of two regiments in that division. It just happened to be the Division. It might have been some other. Do you think the report would have read any differently? It goes on:

"The quality of the men must be characterized as remarkable. They carry themselves well, are well developed physically and are from 16 to 28 years of age. At present, they require only the proper training to make them formidable adversaries. The spirit of the men is fresh and full of naive confidence. The following statement by a prisoner is characteristic: 'We kill or we are killed.'"

The paragraphs quoted are headed "Fighting value." Here is what the report has to disclose on "Details concerning the position":

"It was impossible to obtain any facts. The prisoners scarcely indicated the place they had occupied in the line."

Under "General remarks—morale," the report says:

"In general, the prisoners made a good impression. Their manner is alert."

"At present, they still consider the war from the point of view of the 'big brother' who is coming to the assistance of his oppressed brothers and sisters and who is received everywhere in a friendly manner. Their opinions have a certain morale basis; most of the prisoners express themselves with an understandable naïveté and declare that they came to Europe to defend their country."

Well, Germany, we do know what we're fighting for, don't we?

"Only a few of the men are pure Americans by race. The majority of them are the sons of foreign parents. The half-Americans, however, most of whom were born in America and have never been in Europe, express without hesitation purely native sentiments."

We have to file an objection to that word "half-Americans." Otherwise, we are proud to accept the report. The vote is unanimous. Thank you, Germany.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

It is an infamous libel to say, as some do, that the only French the Yank has learned is "Fini."

He can say "C'est la guerre" and has been known to do so on occasions.

He can say "Camouflage" and does say it just about every other sentence.

Above all, he can say "Liaison" and uses that elegant expression for every imaginable form of contact, juncture or union. It seems not improbable that when he goes home at last, he will surprise and grieve the old folks by referring to the Liaison Station at Washington, singing "The Liaison Forever, Hurrah, Boys, Hurrah!" and upsetting the genies' furnishing store around the corner by demanding a liaison suit of underwear.

WE, THE ENVIED

Your old pal who is cussing his luck because he is on the Mexican instead of the Lorraine border writes to you: "Gee, but you boys must be going fine, from all I hear! Gosh, how I envy you!"

That friend of yours who is fighting the war on the Navy side writes: "Gee, but you guys are lucky to be able to get a crack at 'em at first hand! Gosh, how I envy you!"

Your kid brother writes: "Gee, I wish I was a soldier, too, with the A.E.F." And so it goes.

There never was an Army in history more envied by the people that sent it forth than is the A.E.F. There is not a single American in the service or out of it, who would not change places with any one of us at a moment's notice. There is not a single soul in the States but looks to us, every day, for inspiration and example.

What do they envy us? Not our good looks or our youth or our clothes, but our opportunity for service, where service will count the most in the deliverance of the world. It is a pleasant thing to be thus envied. It is pleasanter still to be worthy of it and the admiration that provokes it. To be worthy of it lies within the reach of every man of us.

The Army's Poets

BILLETS

Dedicated to the gallant peasants of sunny France, who own them, and the officers of the A.E.F., who made the selection for the proletariat.

I've slept with horse and sad-eyed cow,
I've dreamed in peace with bearded goat,
I've laid my head on the rusty plow,
And with the pik done table d'hôte.

I've chased the apple, leaping flea,
As o'er my outstretched form he sped,
And heard the sparkling rooster's crow,
When I chased the rabbit from my bed.

I've marked the dog's contented growl,
His wagging tail, his playful bite;
With guinea pig and wistful owl,
I've shared my resting-place at night.

While overhead, where cobweb lace
Like curtains drapes the oaken beams,
The spiders skipped from place to place,
And sometimes dreamt of other dreams.

And when the morning, damp and raw,
Arrived at last as if by chance,
I've crawled from out the rancid straw
And cursed the stable barns of France.

And sometimes when the day is done
And lengthening shadows pointing long,
I dream of days when there was sun
And street cars in my daily song.

But over here—ah! what a change,
The clouds are German-silver lined—
Who worries when we get the muck?
What hoots it if our shoes are shined?

The day speeds by and night again
Looms up a specter grim and bare;
We trek off to the hush hushed ladder there—
Another biologic night.

Spent in a state sans peace, sans sleep;
And as I soothe some stinging bite,
I mark the gentle snore of sleep,
The small that wots of grassy dell.

Of hillside green where fairies dance,
The vision's past . . . I'm back in Hell—
An ancient stable barn of France.

We've slept with all the gander's flock,
By waddling duck we've slumbered on—
In fact, we've slept with all the stock,
And they will miss us when we're gone.

We've seen at times the nocturnal eyes
Of playful mouse on evening spree,
And the coonwise tread at night on plies
With Brother Louie on a janubree.

We've scratched and fought with foe unseen,
And with the candle hunted wide
For the bug that thrives on Paris green,
But dashes in on bicoloride.

Perchance may come a night of stars,
Perchance the snow drift through the tile,
Perchance the civil face of Mars
Peeks in and shows his wicked smile;

'Tis then we dream of other days
When we were free and in the dance,
And followed in the old time ways
Far from the stable barns of France.

LETTERS

My buddy reads his letters to me, and, say, he sure can write!
I have to sit and chew my pen and even then
The way it reads when I get through I know it's
pretty sad.

As far as composition goes; the grammar, too, is
bad.
But talk about—gee, he can sling the ink to beat
the band.

And picture everything he's seen a way that sure
is grand.

I got him to write a note to my gal and, golly,
it was fine!
I copied it and signed my name, but, all the
same,
It didn't seem to please her, for she wrote in her
reply
She'd read it several times and it didn't sound
like
I was sayin' exactly what I meant, and was I
feelin' good!

I'm kind of glad she took it so—in fact, I hoped
she would. MRS. RYMAN.

"DIRECTED TO PROCEED"

There's a vacant spot on the billet floor
Where he'd spread his blankets after mess;
No side arms on the dusty floor—
"Soldier gear," one friend the less.

There where his gas mask used to swing
Another guy has hung some pants;
The hooks that held his gat are swing-
ing now; "Wear nothin' but the rust of France."

I lie on my bunk, an' I watch a spider
Weave a web in the billet room.
An' I think of the time when he'd drink cider
An' promenade an' eat our "oof."

Gosh, the times we had together!
We was a pair dem bustin' heat
Out on gas, in a trench, or
Dolled up to give the girls a treat.

On guard we'd get on the same relief,
At night he'd fall in next to me,
An' we'd scheme to share the doughboy's grief
An' cuss together on K.P.

We'd talk of the time when the gang would go
Up the line to meet the Hun,
An' the kinds of stuff us two would show
With our bombs an' bayonets an' guns.

But orders came, an' he left today,
With his eyes glowin' an' his chin held high;
An' he grinned at me as I said goodbye,
An' I grinned at him as I said goodbye.

A partin' joke an' a good handshake—
"Goodbye, old kid, an' take care!"
An' he showed the spirit that'll make
The Hun run plumb through the gates of Hell.

Well, I won't crab an' fret an' pine,
For, about ten years or so from now,
They may take me up on the line
With some outfit, somehow, somehow.

BEEN THERE?

Did you ever hear a bullet whizz,
Or dodge a hand grenade?
Have you watched long lines of trenches dug
By doughboys with a spade?

Have you seen the landscape lighted up
At midnight by shell fire?
Have you seen a hillside blazing forth
Like the furnace room in Hell?

Have you camped overnight in a ruined town
With a raft for a bed,
With the horses stamping underneath
In the morning when they're fed?

Have you heard the crump-crumps whistling?
Do you know the dud-shell's grunt?
Have you played rat in a dogout?
Then you've seen the Hun's front!

OUTSIDE!

Oh, I've had a turn at shov'lin'!
And just now I'm workin' here,
An' I'm thinkin' of the trials
Of a (Railway) Engineer.

Yes, I wonder as I thunder
On my trusty Underwood,
If all these From: To: Subjects:
Are a-doin' any good.

While the battles are a-ragin'!
Here I sit alone and think:
"How many battles were there
Ever won by pen and ink?"

Oh, the airplanes are a-whizzin'
"Up you yonder in the clear,
And thinkin' of the trials
While I'm sittin' way back here!"

Yes, they're fillin' rowdy Heineins
Up with bullets—no like me—
Who am sittin' here and fillin'
Figures in on form N-3.

Sure, there must be thrills in wartime,
But I want to put you wise:
That you're never goin' to find 'em
In the Service of Supplies!

I don't claim that I'm a hero,
And I may not be worth much,
But I think that I'd be able
To do somethin' to the Dutch!

Oh, some other Genies got there,
When they let 'em know it, too,
And they drew a bead on Heinein
And they let the daylight through!

But when all things are considered,
I'm not sheddin' any tears,
For there's always some chance for us
Of the (Railway) Engineers!

LETTERS

C. R. T., — Engrs. (Ry.).

THE HAND OF MANKIND



FROM THE FLEET

When Bishop Brent, chief of the chaplains of G.H.Q., paid a visit recently to the fleet, he carried with him a letter from the Commander-in-Chief to the Commander of the fleet. In that letter General Pershing wrote: "Those of us who are privileged to serve in the Army and Navy are to one another as brothers. Spaces of land and sea are nothing where a common purpose binds. We are so dependent upon one another that the honor, the fame, the exploits of the one are the honor, the fame, the exploits of the other. If the enemy should dare to leave his safe harbor and set his ships in battle array, no cheers would be more ringing, as you and our Allied fleets moved to his defeat, than those of the American Expeditionary Forces in France."

I understand from the Bishop that he read this letter to the assembled crews of our battleships now serving with the Grand Fleet. I doubt very much whether you can really appreciate how much this means to our men and what an encouragement it is to them to know that you appreciate their efforts as much as they appreciate yours.

"I take every occasion to impress upon my forces that they are really a part of the American Army; that they are practically a part of the essential line of communications. I feel quite sure they all understand this thoroughly and that their hearts are with your boys in the field who are bearing the brunt of the fighting."

"We have all been immensely cheered up by the excellent reports we have of the success of your men on the western front. Of course, we knew the kind of record they would make when they had the opportunity, but we also knew that our Allies did not feel so sure of this."

"The result of the recent fighting has been entirely to disabuse their minds of the idea that the American soldier would not prove the equal of any soldiers in Europe, and the record they have made has undoubtedly acted most favorably upon the morale of all the Allied troops, and has been a hard jolt to the Hun."

"In this war, so far as actual fighting is concerned, the Navy is necessarily condemned to comparative inactivity. We so earnestly want to help that if you could suggest any way in which we could be of assistance, we would be very grateful."

In the same vein, Bishop Brent carried a letter to the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet of the Royal British Navy, in which General Pershing wrote:

"We of the American Army wish you to know from our own lips our admiration for and trust in you. Here in France we are near enough to stretch out a friendly hand and pledge to you our best in the common cause. Side by side with you we propose to see this struggle through to a victorious end."

A HOME IMPRESSION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Accept my sincere congratulations upon the excellent issues of THE STARS AND STRIPES which we are receiving each week from our overseas friends.

Each issue brings with it so many messages describing the sincere service and splendid sacrifice of our soldiers that in many homes in America there is a renewed loyalty to our Government, and a stronger determination on the part of those "over here" to stand by you all as we read the columns of your inspiring paper.

The stories of heroism, the poems of fact and fancy, the witty sayings and humorous doings, so well written by your contributors, help to make a publication of remarkable interest and value.

At my last conference with the principals of the public schools of Districts 6 and 7, including the great East Side of New York City from 14th Street south to Houston and Rivington Streets, I made favorable mention of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and requested that extracts from its columns be read at the opening exercises. I also urged its value in supplementary reading. Some of the principals have, therefore, subscribed to your paper, and in many classes extracts will be read in connection with the history, geography, and reading lessons.

Your editorial column has contained some real gems of inspiration, among them "The Honor and the Glory" (issue of May 8), "Doughies and Doughboys" (issue of April 5), "You

Want to Go Home" (issue of April 12) and "The Day It Should Be" (issue of May 24). Some of the poems printed are admirably adapted for public speaking by our pupils. Mention should also be made of the humorous drawings, as well as the patriotic cartoons—"The Girl We're All Fighting For" is specially clever.

Please convey to all who are assisting in preparing your unique paper the sincere thanks and hearty appreciation of the thirty thousand children attending our public schools, and the regiment of teachers and principals who are instructing them.

We are taking "Patriotism" and "Efficiency" as our watchwords, and are training up a new army of young patriots to take the place of their brothers who have already entered the service. We send you all our loyal greetings, and hope and pray that after glorious victory over the Hun, you may return to receive the loving "Welcome Home" of your many American admirers.

Here's for your health and happiness.
Edw. W. STIRT, Dist. Supt. of Schools,
Department of Education,
New York City.

BECOMING A CITIZEN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In May, 1916, I secured my first citizenship papers. My second papers were not due until May, 1918. I recently applied for a commission in the Q.M.C., but was rejected on account of not being a citizen. Will you please advise me if and how I can secure these papers and if Congress did not recently pass a bill automatically making an enlisted man a citizen. I voluntarily enlisted in May, 1917.

Sgt. HERBERT SIMON, — Engrs. Ry.

[Unofficial advice indicates that an act was recently passed by which soldiers may receive final papers in Europe. The order of naturalization, however, is to be effected by a court in the United States on evidence furnished by the soldier. No doubt, in course of time the A.E.F. will receive the regulations and forms of the naturalization bureau under the new law. Until the same are received, there is nothing for a person to do with reference to the completion of his naturalization.—EDITOR.]

ASK THEM

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: A few questions which I think might be of interest to enlisted men:

Is there anything not covered by the words "present emergency"?

Why does every officer you meet look for a salute when your girl has her arm linked through yours?

Why is it that a 2nd Lieutenant will call you to attention when under the same circumstances a colonel will say "Rest?"

Why does some recruit always want to horn in front of you in thechow line?

Why are spiral puttees?

What can you buy for 45 francs a month?

Why do officers in the Q.M. wear spurs while riding bicycles?

Sgt. H. G. GRINSTEAD, Q.M.C.

YOUR HOME PAPER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I see where one of your correspondents objects to the sending to France of home town newspapers because they waste valuable cargo space. Another wants them to keep coming, because they are like letters from home.

I think both of these men are right, and therefore I am in favor of doing the only thing possible to show them both that they are right—that is, to compromise.

How about passing up our daily subscriptions, and having one paper sent us a week?

READER.

THE COLONEL IT IS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Please inform me who can O.K. a requisition for parcel post from the States. The postmaster in my home town claims that no one under the rank of colonel can O.K. it.

INQUIRER.

[A colonel must O.K. the requisition. The announcement was made from G.H.Q. this week. See Page 1, this issue.—EDITOR.]

PLAYING THE GAME

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Yesterday someone asked why it is that all of the other branches of the service are represented in the columns of our paper except the Cavalry, and whether the Cavalry is the dormant section of the Army.

About seven months ago, when the Cavalry began to arrive in Europe, fresh from the disagreeable work along the border and in Mexico, every man was eager for the required training in order to get at 'em. After visiting numerous "rest" camps and incidentally helping along with the stevedore task, it was learned that "for the present" the Cavalry would do remount duty.

If anyone, during the day or night, would like to see thousands of stubborn mules and horses extricated from a transport, or see men on foot, sweating blood in sunny France, leading these same animals miles to the remount depots which they themselves have established, and then observe the men with the yellow hat cords, or cross-saber collar insignia, loading long trains with animals, after which, which bound for the front, each endeavors to sleep on a sack of oats in a French box car while eight mules are trying to get into that same sack; if one really desires to see healthy Americans smile and cheerfully, with characteristic get 'em pep, build stables, move barracks, juggle the pick, shovel and whitewash brush, improvise water systems and the million and four other things in connection with the establishing of a remount depot, in addition to M.P., K.P. and stable duty; if one thinks this is "laureau," just find the location of one of Uncle Sam's numerous stations and drop in any time between six a.m. and six p.m. any day in the month.

The secret is this: That with every stroke of the pick, shovel, brush and spade, every stable or barrack built or moved; every parasitic diseased animal dipped, goes the sincere hope that soon such conditions will develop as will enable the Cavalry to render more assistance in herding the Hun—to earn this notoriety—because, "for the present," the Cavalry is playing the game.

UNITED S. CAVALRYMAN.

HE ANSWERS HIS OWN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I observe in the

AMERICA IN FRANCE

IV—Alsace

It was in the third week in May that American troops, jubilantly welcomed by all the people of the countryside, filed along the mountain roads to take their place in that part of the great Allied line which restores to France a portion of her own Alsace.

It was their first appearance on German territory, or rather on a land that has been German-held ever since the end of the war of 1870, when, triumphant and unscrupulous, Prussia wrung from helpless France her fair provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

It was the first appearance of American soldiers on soil that had been taken and re-taken, fought for and fought over by troops from every country of the continent, for from the days of Caesar the Alsatian plain, that luckless cross-roads of ancient Europe, has been a bloody battleground. None of its towns is without its bitter memories of siege and massacre and pillage. The very name Alsacia long ago became a synonym in alien speech for debatable land.

Half as Big as Jersey

Alsace is bounded on the north by the Rhonish Palatinate, on the south by Switzerland, on the west by the Vosges. Looking to the east from their mountain posts, the American artillery observers can keep a watch on the Rhine. Alsace is a little country. It is not half so big as the State of New Jersey.

It had long been loosely held by the House of Hapsburg when, in 1648, the treaty that closed the Thirty Years' War added its acres to the crown of France. It was one of Bismarck's projects in launching the Franco-Prussian war and one of his first conditions when his time came to name the terms in the humiliating treaty of Frankfurt in 1871, to recapture for Germany a country that had been French for nearly two centuries, longer by a generation than America has been a nation.

As long ago as 1701 the Prussian statesman Schmettau warned his people in these words:

"We can never retake Alsace because it is notorious that its inhabitants are already more French than the Parisians. Even conquered, the land of Alsace would cover a burning brazier of love for France."

More than a century and a half later, Monseigneur Freppel uttered this solemn prophecy to the father of the present Kaiser:

"Believe the words of a Bishop who speaks before God and with his hand on his heart: Alsace will never be yours."

By Force of Arms

But Germany seized the provinces by force of arms, and by one stroke of the pen robbed of their French nationality a bitterly protesting people that numbered a million and a half.

"The Alsacians must rid themselves of the spirit of France," said Bismarck coolly. "When once they feel them- selves entirely Alsatian, they are too logical not to feel themselves entirely German."

So began that stupid but systematic process of Germanization, pushed now with coaxing, now with threats, now with bribes, now with clubs and whips. After half a century, has left the Alsacians more than ever devoted to France, more than ever distrustful of Prussia, a brutal process of Germanization which provoked throughout watchful and uneasy Europe much of the fear and dislike which found expression in the present war.

Heart and Soul With France

German professors could argue that the Alsacians, like some of the Swiss, spoke a German dialect, and that when Alsacians wanted to vow they would never be German they had to say: "Nimmer will ich Deutsch sein," for lack of any other tongue. They could argue that, back in the Middle Ages, Alsace had been a Germanic if not a Prussian affiliate, but they had to keep their noses buried deep in musty histories to keep from seeing the thing which any child could see—that Alsace was heart and soul with France.

They had to talk about Alsace in the sixteenth century to keep from hearing the tramp-tramp of that sorrowful exodus of the nineteenth century—the departure of more than a quarter of the population when the time came to choose between leaving their native land or accepting German citizenship.

Sought Independence First

The exodus of the Alsacians became so alarming that Bismarck had to put up the bars and thus pen in the country an unreconciled and irreconcilable colony of discontent. So many Alsacians enlisted as a matter of course in the French Army that Berlin had to require that France enroll them in the Foreign Legion.

Today there are many Alsacians in high posts in the French Army; in the German Army there are almost none. As soon as Alsace-Lorraine was allowed to send delegates to the Reichstag, the delegates grieved and surprised their Prussian masters by making as their first proposition the immediate independence of the captive provinces. The German garrisons keeping order in Alsace-Lorraine have had to proceed exactly as though they were in hostile territory which they are. They have been through 40 years and more an interminable series of fines and imprisonments for expressions of French sympathy, penalties for speeches, articles, cartoons, emblems and souvenirs, penalties for playing the Marseillaise, or even for wearing a headress that resembled the French kepi.

Berlin said these were just the didoes of a contrary people who liked to ape foreign customs. But to this day, in the borderland regions, the exasperated Prussians must print their notices and even their propaganda sheets in French if they want them read.

Anybody But Germany

Some Alsacians in late years wanted annexation with Switzerland, some independence, some restoration to France. But even the younger generation that had no memories of 1870 agreed with their elders on one thing: No one wanted to be part of Germany.

So it went until the eve of the present war, and it was an American, David Starr Jordan, who put the case in the following nutshell: "Germany says to the annexed population: 'I will give you your freedom on the day when I am sure of your love for the Empire.' To which Alsace replies: 'I shall never love you till the day you give me my freedom.' And Lorraine adds: 'I can never come to terms with you.' Then Germany says to France: 'We cannot be friends till you have forgotten.' And France replies: 'It is impossible for me to forget!'"

French Cross Boundary

Then came the war, and in the first weeks, greeted by a heart-warming welcome from the kidnapped people, the French advanced over the boundaries that had been set down by the evil treaty of Frankfurt.

"Our return is for good and all," said

YES, IT'S A GERMAN SIGN



Behold five Yanks gathered together at the Sign of the Two Keys. The *Restaurateur zu den zwei Schlüsseln* used to dispense Pilsner, Münchner, and Budweiser—the real Bohemian brew, not the St. Louis brand—in the foamy days before August, 1914, without paying duty on them. That is because it used to be in Germany, or rather in Alsace, which Germans have been trying for 40 odd years to convince the world was part of Germany. It isn't. Ask the five Yanks and the two Alsacians.

ROMANCE HAS PART IN CANTIGNY FIGHT

Lovesick Carrier Pigeon Comes Into Port 24 Hours Late

YANK OFFICER IN DUTCH

Entente Nearly Breaks Up When Birds of War Are Mistaken for Grouse

Romance played its part in the battle which served to place the little village of Cantigny in American hands, and, as it happens, played the very devil with the communications.

In that battle the Americans used every known device of modern warfare, and what the Yankee troops in that particular sector did not happen to have themselves they borrowed from the French.

The carrier pigeons, for instance. Tidings as to how the battle was waging in and beyond Cantigny were brought skimming back through the air by the birds who sometimes serve as messengers when the distance is too great for signals, when the fire is too heavy for wires, and when the emergency is too urgent for runners.

The pigeons often sped over head with their messages by way of precaution, in case any or all of the more modern and more satisfactory means of communication should break down. It was so at Cantigny, and that is why no great harm was done when the most startling and most portentous message of all those carried to the line arrived at divisional headquarters exactly 23 hours and 40 minutes late.

Pigeons so seldom loiter, they so seldom dawdle on the way like the A.D.T. messenger boys in the comic journals of yesterday, that there was an immediate investigation. And it was found that the man in charge of that particular basket had, in an abstracted moment, placed two mating pigeons together. So, when the male was taken out and the urgent tidings fastened to his leg, his mind was on something of far more consequence than the outcome of the struggle for the possession of Cantigny. His mind was on the bird of his heart, and around her basket he lurked and lurked.

German Plans Disclosed

During that same engagement, a strange pigeon seen circling uncertainly overhead was shot down for investigation, and proved to be a German pigeon gone astray; a pigeon bearing in its little metal anklet a message full of important information regarding German plans at a point in a remote unrelated sector. The message was immediately transmitted by wire to the French troops concerned.

The home of the homing pigeons is never far behind the lines. Within sound of the guns—some 10 or 12 kilometers behind the first line—they dwell in coops that look like high-set, portable corn-cobs. The problem of the carrier pigeon in war-time is the problem of acclimating a homing bird to consider a migratory coop as its home. It is an old problem, always successfully solved by the sailors, who teach their birds to come back to the boat, wherever the boat may be.

The war pigeons are trained by always being fed and sheltered in this one coop, and the coop itself is never left more than a month or so in one place. There may be no military reason for moving it, but it is constantly shifted lest the birds grow too fond of one place.

Never Eat Off Ground

The caretakers are always careful to feed the birds on the high shelf of the coop, and never by any chance to let a stray grain fall to the ground. Once the bird gets the habit of looking on the ground for its dinner a moment of hunger might make it pause for refreshment on the way back with a message. To make up in its diet for the little rough pebbles the normal toothless bird will eat in order to crush its food, the fanciers break up a good, appetizing brick into small fragments and serve these as a side dish.

The carrier pigeon does not wear an individual gas mask, but those who have gone forward in baskets at a time when

the then General Joffre to the town of Thann. "You are French for always," France brings you, with the liberties she has always represented, her respect for your own liberties, Alsatian liberties, respect for your traditions, for your convictions, for your customs. I am France. You are Alsace. I bring you the kiss of France."

FORFEITURE OF PAY ON WHAT YOU DRAW

Allotments, Insurance and Other Things Do Not Figure

NEW TREASURY DECISION

Fines Are Not to Be Computed on Amount Due Before Deductions Are Made

Forfeiture of "two-thirds of his pay for one month," according to a bulletin, No. 45, just issued at G.I.Q., is not equivalent to forfeiture of two-thirds of one month's pay. Say it quick and it sounds like a puzzle or a tongue-twister, but it isn't. Here is how it works out.

Private Gobbo, who knows the guard-house better than he does his own bunk, does not lack family sentiment and a sense of his patriotic obligations. Out of his \$33 a month he allots \$15 on a class A (compulsory) allotment, \$5 on a class B allotment, \$5 on a Liberty Loan, and \$8 for his War Risk insurance premium.

Thus, Private Gobbo actually draws only \$3 a month. He hits the skids and lands in a court-martial, where he is sentenced to forfeit "two-thirds of his pay per month for three months." Before the percentage of the fine can be deducted, according to the new bulletin, all his allotments, totaling \$30, must be deducted, and the fine computed on the remainder, which is his pay for one month. The remainder is \$3, and the deduction for the fine will therefore be \$2 for each of the three months, not \$22.

Not Affected by Sentence

The above ruling is based on a decision by the Controller of the Treasury, which says:

"The monthly compulsory allotment of pay, Class A, under the provisions of Section 200 to 210 of the Act of October 6, 1917 (War Risk Insurance Act), the allotment under Class B in said law; the Liberty Loan allotments, and the premiums on War Risk insurance are not disturbed or affected by sentence of court-martial imposing forfeiture of pay."

"Forfeiture of two-thirds of his pay for one month is not equivalent to forfeiture of two-thirds of one month's pay. The forfeiture in such case is for a definite period of time, one month, and ceases at the expiration of that period, even if the soldier was in a pay status only a part of that period."

MESSKITS THROUGH THE AIR

Buck (hacking at alleged steak): Say, Cookie, we don't draw any rations through the salvage depot, do we? Cook: Not as I know of. Why? Buck (still hacking): Well, our worn out shoes go to the salvage depot, don't they?

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Home Service Division American Red Cross,
4 Place de la Concorde, Paris, France.

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

G.F.D.—So she saw your picture in the movies, did she, and wrote you about it? Well, you should worry. She'll take everybody she knows to see that film, and you'll be in fine and soft. It pays to be decent to those Signal Corps guys.

A.W.—That is truly hard luck that her old man and your colonel are such good friends. The best thing to do under the circumstances is to avoid contact with the colonel as far as possible, though, as you are a corporal, that will necessarily be pretty hard.

J.T.L.—No, there is no possible way you can recover breach-of-promise damages from the Q.M.C. It was all your own fault to send her a picture of yourself in one of the old issue overseas hats. And, anyway, a girl who would break with you just because that hat was wished on to you is not a girl worthy of your affection. Forget her!

R.L.M.—Although duelling is frowned on severely in the A.E.F., I think you are thoroughly within your rights in challenging that brute of a sergeant of yours who wrote back to his sister (knowing it would get to your girl) that you had been put on company punishment for a week for sassing him back. For weapons, I should stipulate mess-tins full of slum at 20 paces, or fountain pens at 30 paces. And I hope you get him!

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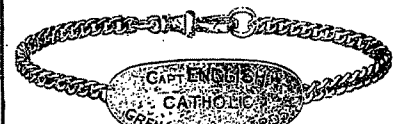
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ELEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND HERE—THAT'S ALL!

It doesn't seem a year ago
That Pershing and his little band
Were watching ocean breezes blow
Them onward to this sunny land.

A year of toil for those who stayed
To work through night and cross day;
That year saw sail a million men—
Another million's on the way.

AINSMITH APPEALS TO
SECRETARY OF WAR

Baseball Draft Test Seen in
Case of Washington
Catcher

BOARDS ACT DIFFERENTLY

Finneran of Yankees Released,
Killefer of Cubs in Class 1A
—Cobb to Enlist

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.)
AMERICA, July 18.—Baseball is still on the anxious seat as to whether it is an essential line of business or not. Some of the draft boards have excused players, while others have decided that baseball is non-essential. The draft board which considered the case of Catcher Henry, of the Boston Braves, decided that baseball is non-essential and ordered Henry to report for service.

The East Orange, N. J., board released Joe Finneran, Yankee twirler, on the ground of essential occupation. Eddie Ainsmith, of the Washington club, was held by the Washington board while the case of Roger Hornsby, star St. Louis Cardinal player, before the Texas board, is still undecided. Catcher Ainsmith has appealed his case to the Secretary of War and a decision is being anxiously awaited.

The Washington club will also probably lose First Baseman Joe Judge, he having been called in the "work or fight" order.

Herzog at Front for Braves
Catcher Killefer of the Cubs has been placed in Class 1A, and the veteran Tom Clarke has been engaged to fill the place. Charles Holocheer, the Cubs' sensational shortstop, whose hitting and fielding helped largely in keeping the team in front, has been ordered before his local draft board.

The Boston Braves have been forced to put Buck Herzog at first base, owing to the weakening of the team. Three outfielders, Reih, Powell, and Kelly, have enlisted in the Navy Reserves, and Shortstop Maranville is back only on a short furlough.

Ty Cobb is quoted as saying that he will enlist in the service at the close of the present season.

The Chicago Cubs and the Boston Braves have arranged to play an exhibition game at Montreal, the proceeds going to a war fund.

The Detroit Tigers, by defeating Washington, broke Pitcher Harper's string of seven consecutive wins.

Civil War in Big Leagues

The American and National leagues continue in their angry fight over the refusal of the Philadelphia Athletics to accede to the decision of the National Board and turn Pitcher Scott Perry over to the Boston Braves. President Johnson of the American league backs Connie Mack, who is suing out an injunction against the decision handed down by the National Commission. President Tener of the National league declares that he will quit the National Commission if Perry is not turned over to the Braves.

Baseball is getting somewhat dull owing largely to the drafting and enlisting of players. The present squabble between the two major leagues over Perry is a boon for the sporting writers, but it will probably have no effect on the game.

The Second National District team, comprised of many Boston Red Sox players, defeated the Cleveland Indians in an exhibition game at Newport, the count being 3 to 2.

SPORTING COMMENT

Benny Vahgar, the little French bantam, who has been in the States for the past nine months, has been showing pretty good form in recent contests and promises to develop into quite a star. He has been fighting around Philadelphia, New York, and other eastern cities, and although he has invariably conceded quite a bit of weight to his opponents, he has won some good battles. He has taken Frankie Burns, Dick Laddman, Joe Lynch, and others into camp, and several weeks ago, at Cleveland, he won decisively over Alvin Miller, of Lorain, Ohio. Although he can easily make 118 pounds, he met Miller at 124 pounds at 3 o'clock. He is a stable make of Willie Jackson at present, and is in line for some good matches. Frank Bagley is acting as his manager.

One of the sensational athletes back home during the present season is Frank Shea, the sterling quarter miler of the University of Pittsburgh. In the intercollegiate he romped in the winner in the 100 yd. race, the remarkably fast time of 17.3 seconds, one of the fastest double furlongs ever run in a college race. He was not crowded, otherwise he might have established a new mark for the distance. He is called a second Ted Meredith and Maxey Long. He helped the University of Pittsburgh get second place in the big meet.

Cornell's easy win over the rival colleges puts another plum in the cap of Jim Mackay, the miracle man of Cornell athletics. They have no different material at Ithaca from any of the other big schools, but somehow or other Mackay is always able to build up a winner.

"Big 10" football schedules will be played through the same as last fall, according to the latest decision of the board of control. Indiana voted to have the same schedule, but the other members decided that athletics are essential to put men in shape for real warfare.

Comparison of the records made by eastern and western athletes shows the West to lead in three over their eastern rivals. Howard Drew ran the 100 faster than did Haywood of Pennsylvania, his time being 10. Jackson of Michigan out-jumped Fetter of Cornell, and Oshorn of Missouri reached a higher mark than Fitter of Johns Hopkins.

Speaking of come-backs, old Nick Alt-rock pitched a game for Washington against Detroit and won it, 3 to 2. Nick's system was to let them get to first and then grab them off with his old balk motion. Nick has been the comedian of the Senators for three years, but he had another game up his sleeve and he got a bigger laugh by beating Cobb and Co. than he has by his antics on the firing line.

Also Shuffling Phil Douglas, who was operated on for appendicitis, made his come-back and pitched the Cubs into first place, winning his opening game by a shut-out with only three hits, two of them scratches.

That makes the Cubs look almost as strong as if they hadn't lost Alexander. Alex, by the way, was married the other day at Camp Funston to one of his school chums.

The American association is having a close race for the perfect team. On June 20 Milwaukee was leading by the narrow margin of two games, with Kansas City second, Columbus next, and Louisville, Indianapolis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Toledo following in the order named. Just what effect the trade of the Milwaukee club with St. Louis Nationals will have on the race it is hard to predict.

CAPTIVE YANKS IN GAME

American soldiers who are prisoners of war in Germany, or those who may be taken prisoner in the near future, shall not suffer for lack of baseballs and the like, if the Y.M.C.A. can help it.

Already the Y.M.C.A. has done its part by shipping a half carload of athletic goods. This consignment consisted of tennis sets, baseballs, bats and mitts, volley balls and footballs.

They were addressed to Dr. A. C. Harle of Bern, Switzerland, and are intended for transmission by him to the Yanks captive in Germany. Dr. Harle had sent them, presumably after making arrangements for their reception and distribution inside the enemy Empire.

BABE RUTH, RED SOX,
IS YEAR'S SENSATION

Pitches, Plays Infield and
Outfield, and Hits
Ball Hard

QUIT TEAM FOR FEW DAYS

But Trouble With Owners Has
Been Patched Up, and All's
Well Now

Babe Ruth of the Boston Red Sox continues to be a regular Dick Merriwell. His exploits are becoming the talk of baseball back home. Ruth pitches, plays first and also the outfield, and besides that is among the leaders in the American league in batting. His feat of four home runs in four consecutive days is alone enough to make him famous. Ruth had some trouble with the owners of the club last week. He quit in a huff, but the trouble was soon patched up, and he is back clouting the ball again.

It is by no means unusual for a pitcher to occupy a place at the top of the batting list for a few weeks in the spring, because he may have had one big day with the bat and then stayed out of the game for a long time while his platoon remained intact. But when a fellow that is credited with appearing in the majority of his team's games is hitting over .400 in the middle of June it is time to sit up and take notice.

Ruth is the hitting sensation of the year, and in fact, of American league history. He is batting just as well as anyone has batted for the same number of games since the foul strike rule came into being, and he promises to stay out in front all season.

A Slogger of Parts

Babe always has been known among ball players as a slogger, and he was generally said that if he had to play every day opposing pitchers would soon find his weak spot and make a fish out of him. This spring, when the Boston Red Sox found themselves short of batting strength, it was decided to use Ruth in the lead position, and he was when he was not pitching. His average did not suffer a bit when he began to play every day, but, on the contrary, the longer he remained in the lineup the better he got. Instead of the pitchers finding out his weakness, he found theirs.

Babe is a tremendously powerful man who handles a bat as though it weighed no more than a toothpick. He takes a full swing and hits the ball out in front of the plate, giving him tremendous drive. Home runs are his specialty, and in any park that has a short right field fence he usually makes two or three in a series.

He is credited with the longest hit ever made in the American league, driving one into the center field bleachers at Fenway Park, Boston, in a game against Detroit last year with Bill James pitching.

Into the Two Bit Seats

Anyone that has ever seen Fenway Park will realize what a tremendous thump this was. The ball went into the 25 cent seats about four rows from the top. It was the first time on record that anyone ever had succeeded in putting one into this stand, though now and then someone hits a homer into the right field section. Ruth's lick would have gone over the fence in the Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Philadelphia or Washington American league parks. It would have been into the bleachers in New York and it was as far as the scoreboard in Chicago.

In addition to being at present the boss hitter of the league, Ruth is also an accomplished first baseman and a fair outfielder. His defensive play is improving all the time. And of course he is one of the best left-handed pitchers in the world. Aside from these few accomplishments and some speed on the bases, he is of practically no value to the Red Sox.

DIAMOND FLASHES

Michigan's champion "Big 10" team had little trouble in winning the last game of the season from Notre Dame, 14 to 6. Scheider held the Notre Dame team to five hits and not a runner reached second base.

All the players on the Boston National league team have promised to get into some kind of service next fall, whether they are called or not.

Word comes from the States that the Government is to take over the green horsehide to such an extent that there will be little left for the manufacture of baseballs.

Pop Anson says the only thing new in baseball in the last 36 years is the spitball and commercialism. Pop forgets that the members of the Louisville team this time were barred for trying to throw games.

After Three-Fingered Brown succeeded in his attempt to throw a game for the Ohio team, his men won 14 out of 37 games, all of which were played on the road.

Long Tom Hughes, twirler for Minneapolis, held Toledo to a lone hit. Roy Patterson performed the same trick against the Mud Hens, the week before.

Stoney McGinn, former St. Louis and Milwaukee twirler, is twirling in the Lake Shore league in Wisconsin this summer.

Automobiles are being used in the Pacific Coast league to make the jumps between cities, because of the increased railroad rates. The trip between Salt Lake City and the coast cities are made by train as formerly.

Pitcher Kester June, of the University of West Virginia, has joined the Cleveland club.

Alice Reilly has been sold by Louisville to the Toronto club.

TOURNAINE CIRCUIT
IS REAL BIG LEAGUE

These Sixteen Teams Are Not
Worried About Travel-
ing Expenses

FIVE MORE IN OVERFLOW

Major Straight Cup Going to
Winner of Diamond
Championship

When you speak of the "big leagues," usually you refer to the American and National, because in these circuits you find the fastest class of baseball played in the world. In fact, American league fans, playing with pride to the results of the last few world's series, say that you can be even more specific than that and confine the term "big" to their circuit alone.

Be that as it may, the real "big" league, when you view it from the standpoint of numbers, is playing at Tours.

There are 16 clubs in this league, as many as there are in the American and National combined. Five other teams are playing in the same town, but there was no room for them in the circuit and they are holding an overflow meeting in their own.

They say that they want to play the pennant series in the regular season, and perhaps at the end of the season there will be another world's series.

Every Game on Home Grounds

At first glance it might appear that a 16-club circuit would be too ponderous to be interesting, but this has not been found to be the case. There is no traveling to be done, for one thing. In the old days of the National league, when there were 11 ball clubs and Louisville in the circuit, they did find it a bit messy to get all the battles fought.

When a club went out for a swing on the circuit, its members might be in the heyday of youth, but when it had visited 11 towns and returned to its own park the players were apt to be creaking joints, and some old men with long whiskers. Here, however, the clubs all can walk to the park, and they are always on their home grounds.

The class of baseball played in the Tours league is good. There are a number of men enrolled who have had minor league experience, and a few who have had at least a cup of coffee in the big show. One pitcher, who is winning regularly, was once signed by Connie Mack, who happened to be going by the church where this youngster was being christened and slipped him a contract, with profuse apologies for being late with it. Usually Connie reads the vital statistics in the paper and is waiting on the front steps the morning after a male infant makes his squally advent.

Officers Boost Sport

The immense thirst for baseball at Tours is due in part to the natural enthusiasm of the warriers for the sport and in part to the energy of G. W. A. Zahn, a Y.M.C.A. physical director, in organizing things for the men. Zahn, who is a great hustler, thus disproving all the things said about Philadelphia's Ruth in the lead position, and he was when he was not pitching. His average did not suffer a bit when he began to play every day, but, on the contrary, the longer he remained in the lineup the better he got.

Officers stationed in Tours have given the sport great support. Major Willard Straight has donated a fine cup for the winners of the diamond championship, a trophy that will be more highly prized than a world's series emblem at such home. The schedule calls for each team to meet the others once. Then there will be a second round for the "first division."

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DUKE STILL SMASHING 'EM

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.)
AMERICA, July 18.—Duke Kahanamoku, the Hawaiian swimmer, established a new record for the 60 yards, crawl stroke style, in an aquatic meet at Chicago, covering the distance in 25 1-5 seconds. The previous mark of thirty seconds was made by C. M. Daniels at Pittsburgh in 1917.

In the 220 yard event, Perry McGillivray, of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, defeated Kahanamoku and established a world's record of 2:21 2-5 against his former mark of 2:24 1-5.

AMERICA, July 18.—Wag Cloud, by his decisive win over John, Jack Harv, Jr., and Elmendorf at Aqueduct, is being hailed as the three year old champion of the year.

Elfin Queen was beaten in the Astoria Stakes for two year olds by the imported filly Terenti, in a record breaking race, the winner making the five furlongs in :58 1-5, clipping one-fifth of a second from the mark made by High Time, winner of the Hudson Stakes, on the opening day of the meet.

The aged gelding Roamer won the Empire City Handicap by ten lengths from Hollister, making the mile and a furlong in 1:51, equalling the best record for the race and the track.

RAILROAD FARES
BOOST BALL COSTS

Coast League Arranges to
Have Teams Move
by Auto

Baseball has been hard hit by the Government order increasing railroad fares all over the country. Some of the little leagues may have to stop, and even the big leagues will suffer, although if the present attendance keeps up they can stand the additional expense.

The Coast league intends to keep going if the teams have to walk from town to town. President Al Baum has made arrangements for the teams to travel from city to city by auto, which ought to make a pleasant summer. But imagine "Game postponed—blowout," or "No game—exhibitor trouble," or having a leading team smashed up or pinched for speeding. Why, a motorcycle cop could decide the pennant race.

The owners are doing everything possible to keep the game going, and it is hard sledding, but they aren't kicking. They know there's a war on.

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Kid Williams got the decision over Young Charles at Baltimore 13 rounds. Johnny Ertle has been suspended for four months by the Wisconsin Boxing Commission, because he did not notify the examining physician that he had an abscess on his ear, when he lost to Dick Leadman in three rounds.

Heavyweight bouts evidently are not wanted in Wisconsin, the boxing commission having notified that no heavyweight matches should be made without first consulting with the commission.

Mike O'Dowd did not meet Eddie McGourty at Camp Grant, claiming he did not have time to train. Andre Anderson and Homer Smith fought a draw.

Benny Leonard helped to turn in \$2,000 to the war fund when he gave an exhibition with Louis Resce at Los Angeles, over whom he was awarded the decision.

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WAR CLOUD HAILED
AS YEAR'S CHAMPION

Three-Year-Old Beats Johnen
and Other Good Bets
at Aqueduct

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.)
AMERICA, July 18.—Wag Cloud, by his decisive win over Johnen, Jack Harv, Jr., and Elmendorf at Aqueduct, is being hailed as the three year old champion of the year.

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DRAFT HITS CARDS

Because of the draft the St. Louis Cardinals have been so badly weakened that they are floundering about in the cellar position in the National league race. The owners, however, have determined to get the team out of the rut and many changes are planned.

Players are being grabbed up everywhere, three being taken from Milwaukee and four from Little Rock. Outfielders McFerry and Beall of Milwaukee and Twirler Hankin Johnson of the same club are to join the Cards. From Little Rock will come Johnny Brock and Tony Brotem, catchers, and Distel and Grimm, infielders.

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ENGINEERS (RY.)

FIND THEIR GAME
REAL BIT OF WAR

Double-Stripe Men Found
Out What Excitement
Was Long Ago

BIG TIME IN MARCH DRIVE

Casey Joneses Saw Huns Coming
Over the Hill as Last Narrow
Gauge Pulled Out

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I was glad to note that the lad who panned the Engineers about not doing much worthy of notice up to date exempted the Engineers who are attached to the D.E.F. We have been busy. Damn busy. So busy, in fact, that we have not had time to keep up our end of copy for THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Nine regiments of us cleared the three mile limit out of New York harbor the 28th of last July and will be entitled to our two service stripes on that day. We were the railroad unit that was brought to France to operate the military railroads. We are all volunteers and are proud of it. We are attached to the British and French.

My particular regiment has been at the front behind the British line since August 18 last. While we are volunteers, we are being brought up to the new war footing by the addition of drafted men. We are glad to see them, for we are all out after the same end. Those who have already arrived have been made to feel at home the day they came.

We can't resist the temptation to "old head" them a little, however. They want to know all about what we have been doing anyway, so it doesn't make any difference.

Reason to Be Proud

We are proud of our Railway Engineering regiments. I believe that we have reason to be. Four of our regiments marched through London last August and were reviewed by the King and Queen. We were the first foreign troops to march through London since William the Conqueror made his triumphal entry several centuries back. What General Pershing's men were to the French in Paris, we were to the English in London—the visible sign of America's intention to put her shoulder to the wheel.

August 18 found us at the front near Roisel. Here, under constant observation from German balloons and airplanes, my regiment built a complete little system of narrow gauge railways. The broad gauge dared go no further than Roisel, and so our little road took up its work here, winding in and out among apple orchards, under rock cliffs—anywhere where it could find an escape from the peering eyes of the Germans.

We were always in shell range, especially near the batteries to which we hauled ammunition. On several occasions our train crews have been unable to carry their six inch and nine-point-two to their destination and have had to wait until the Boche stopped shelling the position.

Defensive Too Tame for Him

During the drive, several of the crews found themselves under the fire of the Boche and the larger guns of the British in the rear of the lighter guns to which they were carrying ammunition. In the counter attack, our men grabbed their guns and fought with the Tommies. "Dad," Harper, an engineer on one of the little locomotives, found defensive fighting too tame for him and made his way up to the first line. "Dad" is an old "possum hunter and fowler" that he could get a couple of "them Dutch" as easily as the count a four-flushing "possum." "Dad" ought to have had a medal for that bit of work. He has gray hair.

For our services at Cambrai, General Byng sent our colonel a fine letter of commendation and thanks. How in the world the boys came through there without any fatalities, I don't know, for their barracks were right in the middle of the barrage the Germans put up on their counter attack. We have lost very few men and these have been through natural causes with one exception—an unavoidable accident.

Railroad work under such conditions is not like it is on the American broad gauge roads either at home or here in France. The firemen back home used to kick because they were not allowed to make smoke, but smokeless firing certainly comes in handy over here.

The Day of the Big Stuff

We never realized just how close we were to the Germans until the drive started on March 21 of this year. All last winter we slept through the constant roar of the British guns a mile or two from us or the Hun's further away. Many times our little railway lines would be flummied by the flares from the trenches. But, like anything else, we

TO AID COMMANDERS

An officer is to be designated in each regiment and company to handle all administrative duties under the supervision of the regimental and company commanders, according to a new G.I.Q. bulletin. The intent of the order is to relieve the commander of administrative details in order that he may "exert his full mental and physical capabilities towards the tactical command and training of his unit."

The announcement is made owing to the fact that some regimental and company commanders have been permitting their administrative functions, that is, supply and office work, to absorb the greater part of their time and attention, sometimes to the detriment of duties relating to operation and training.

got used to it. We never will forget that day when the Big Stuff started. We were attached to the British Fifth Army which had to retreat.

Talk about fight! Those Jocks and Tommies fought like hell. Our men hung at Roisel hauling ammunition to the British batteries until the artillery had all pulled out. The Yanks could see the Germans coming over the hill as the last little train pulled out. The British were outnumbered and had to back up. Our job was to get our little trains back to Amiens so that the Germans would not capture them.

For 72 hours we worked without sleep and scarcely took time for our meals. We came into Amiens in overalls, many of us, just as we left our little toy trains. Footsore, hungry and almost dead from lack of sleep, we ate our first real meal at the various hotels in Amiens and then spent two or three days sleeping in the feather beds which have made France famous. We had done the work which our C.O. had laid out for us and had earned our rest.

Back on the Broad Gauge

For this work two of our officers have been awarded Military Crosses by the B.E.F. and three of our engineers and conductors Military Medals.

We are back in the zone of the broad gauge now doing construction work. Fritz has our toy railroad, which is so essential to getting supplies and troops to the front. We hope that we will get back to operating again. Most of us are brotherhood operating men and are not exactly in love with "grands-dancing," as we call section hand work.

We have "lived and had our being" with the British so long that we feel almost like Britons. We have been with Tommie, Canuck, Aussie, Anzac, South African and Jock for nearly a year now and know them pretty well.

Tommy is a much misunderstood human by the Yanks. He is quiet and does not respond as quickly to your advances as the others. It's his nature. He can't help it. He's a good plug when you get to know him and it'll do you good to hear him sing.

Always is like your half brother. You always feel at home with him.

Aussie is a type by himself. They are all volunteers. They are fierce fighters in the line or out and yet they are good scouts. They like the Yanks and you take to them instinctively. Better look out for they'll out-build you every time, which would be a calamity for a real Yank.

After Your Own Heart

Anzac, the lad from New Zealand, is very much like yourself. You won't see him much because there are not many of him over here. The same thing applies to the South Africans, who resemble the Americans in many ways.

But Jock! There's a lad after your own heart. He is just an irresistible boy. You don't feel like smiling when you see him in kilts—that is, after you know him.

The Germans smiled when the Black Watch came over the top the first time. They thought England had run out of men and was sending the women against them. They call them "The Ladies From Hell" now. They fear Jock's gold steel.

Jock is about the best natured pal you can find, and he won't try to out-build you, as Aussie will. When he talks, you think a machine gun is working. If any of the Americans with the British find themselves with the Camerons, the Gordons, the Black Watch or the King's Own Scottish Borderers, they are among the cream of the finest fighters of the world.

That Yankee Band

In closing, let me say that, after all, there is none like the Yanks. We have met and mingled with all the British and we like them all. But it was left to last Sunday night for us to be given the greatest treat during the entire time we have been in France when the sure enough American band of the — Engineers came over from a nearby town and gave us a concert.

Oh, boy! Those campaign hats and that real American slang. We forgot the British lingo that we have become accustomed to use and reverted to the good old U.S. way of talking. You almost felt like falling on someone's neck. A sort of long-lost brother stuff, you know.

And that band! When that jazz music started, we tried to look unconscious, but it was only for a minute, and then we paired off and, in hob-nailed shoes on a rough sod, danced our fool selves tired for the first time since we left the banks of the old Mississippi last July.

There is none like your own folks after all!

E. P. BRADSTREET, JR.,
—Engrs., Ry., A.E.F.

BASE PORT MEETING
A FAMILY REUNION

Talk of Coincidences Leads
to One That Beats
Them All.

A group of chance-met, fairly casual officers of the Army and Navy were gathered on the shaded terrace of a cafe in one of the base ports the other evening. One of them was telling how he had recognized in one of the guards out at camp that afternoon the boy who used to deliver the groceries at his house back in a town in Indiana.

"There never was such a place as the A.E.F. for reunions," a second lieutenant observed. "You got into one of these French trains and find you are sharing the compartment with the boy who used to play next you in the line at college. I have seen more old friends in the past month than I ever would have seen in the same time in Ulster. I know one lieutenant who was a pretty good lawyer in New York City and yesterday he found himself reporting for duty to the clerk from his own office in Nassau Street."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," a young ensign chimed in, "if I were to run into a wandering brother of mine over here. I am not sure I should know him if I did. I was only a kid when he left home. I'll have to look him up in that big index up near Tours where they have you all catalogued like books in a public library. He enlisted in the Army about 12 years ago, and as far as I know he is still alive. The family hasn't seen him since nor heard from him except at great intervals. I'd sort of like to see the old rough-neck."

Captain Grows Interested

As the ensign was telling his tale, a captain on the edge of the group paused with his glass in mid-air and listened. At the end, he put his glass down and drew his chair a little nearer.

"And what town might you hail from, stranger?" he asked casually.

The ensign told him, whereat the captain roared with laughter as if that name were the greatest joke he had ever heard.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said. "Talk about reunions. Shake hands—brother."

In another moment they had compared enough notes to establish their relationship beyond all shadow of doubt. The other officers were all for hearing then and there the wandering one's tale of his adventures, but the captain and the ensign rose together and together they departed into the gathering twilight.

It was noon of the following day before the captain reported to camp. He was thereafter confined to camp for a period of ten days. It is not known what befell the ensign.

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CHARLIE'S CUSTARD
HALTS IN MID-AIR

And Something Happened
to the Movie Works
Just Then

With that ghastly accuracy common to the world of the screen the well-known Mr. Charles Chaplin hurried his custard pie, and—

Wait a minute; don't get sore. Honest, this ain't a movie press notice. As we were saying—

Mr. Chaplin hurried his pie, but the pie never reached the victim. Instead, it stopped in mid-air, which is a peculiar manner for even Mr. Chaplin's well-trained pies to behave in.

And then somebody yelled "Fire!" or a more likely, "Feu!" because this happened in the S.O.S. of the A.E.F., at A.P.O. 711.

True enough the movie theater was afire, the movie machine was on the kibosh and the movie pie was still miraculously suspended in mid-air. Naturally, the fact that Mr. Chaplin was on the screen is equivalent to saying that there were a large number of Americans in the audience, they happening this time to be from the — Engineers, who are stationed at 711 performing first-aid stunts to busted locomotives.

The Engineers were patient enough for a while, but it became apparent that the civilian fire department was asleep, or off on a furlough, or visiting his aunt, or something. Meanwhile, the theater was burning down and—worst of all—they never would see whether the custard ever landed.

So they dug out their canteens, found some buckets, located a ladder, borrowed some water, and climbed up on the roof and put out the blaze. They did it all in a very few minutes, and just as they were climbing down, along came the civilian fire department demanding why in the name of a sacred dog, a sacred cow and one hundred thousand sacred thunder somebody hadn't notified him about the fire.

But the Engineers went back inside to see whether the pie ever landed.

P.S.—It did, right in the smacker.

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Eight hours' rest for the bugler. About 28 hours' rest for the cook who's off tomorrow.

About eight minutes' rest for the cook who isn't off tomorrow.

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CLARED by Germany. It wasn't his holi-
day, he left hurriedly to contract for military
supplies because our organization *sensed*
that the war clouds were about to break.

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by a famous Australian
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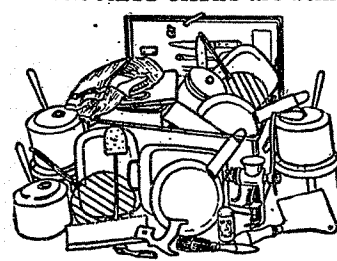
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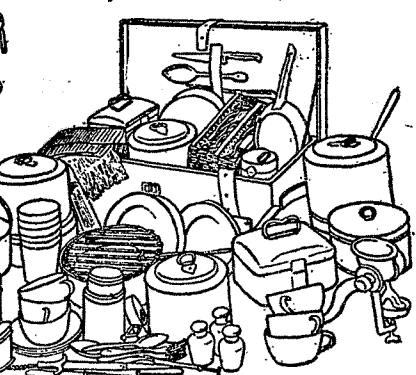
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completely for 6 officers. Size 24 x 13 x 12 in. £12. 10. 0

Weight 40 lbs. THIS CASE CONTAINS

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8 " Soup Plates 1 Sugar 1 Spoon
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1 Strong Tea Kettle 6 Knives, Forks, Spoons 2 Handcloths, Wash and
and 12 Spoons 1 Wicker Colander, Strainer

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